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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Fortunes of Nigel. By the Author of *Waverley*, Kenilworth, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. Constable, Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, & Co. London.

THE appearance of the Scotch or Scott's Novels, as they are indifferently called, constitute epochs in the literary (we might perhaps say in all the) world; and we are among those who sincerely rejoice that these epochs are short, and not,

Like angel visits, few and far between.

It is a holiday to us when one occurs; and sometimes, after the task of much dry reading imposed by grumbling authors on their drudges the critics, we slide into a tale by the Author of *Waverley*, as a traveller rests in the oasis of the desert—the green and fertile spot amid oceans of barren sand. Of such an enjoyment we have now to render an account; for *The Fortunes of Nigel* are worthy of the Author of *Waverley*. What a proof is here given of the abundance of his resources!—Some of our very timid brethren are afraid that he will run himself out;—were it possible for a little rivulet to think and speak, if it saw the Thames pouring his flood into the sea, it would cry, "That stream cannot last long, it must soon be dry."

To these volumes there is a charming introduction, in which Captain Clutterbuck details a conversation he has had with the Eidolon, or Representative Vision of the Author of *Waverley*. It is admirably good-humoured, and in noticing the faults charged upon the author and refuting them, affords a lesson to every Reviewer in Britain, from the bulky divisors of the year into four, to the lesser lights of the calibre of 52 per annum. The following piece of candour is refreshing to one's spirit. Reporting pro publico the allegations against the Monastery, the Captain says:

"They object too, that the object of your *Nigel* ought to have been more uniformly noble—her ducking the priest was no nautical amusement.

Author. Ah! they ought to allow for the capricious of what is after all but a better sort of goblin. The bath into which Ariel, the most delicate creation of Shakespeare's imagination, seduces our jolly friend Trinculo, was not of amber or rose-water. But no one shall find me rowing against the stream. I care not who knows it—I write for the public amusement; and though I never will aim at popularity by what I think unworthy means, I will not, on the other hand, be pertinacious in the defence of my own errors against the voice of the public.

On the subject of the so strictly preserved incognito, the rapidity of publica-

tion, &c., the dialogue is also wondrous pleasant.

Author. You may remember, the neatly-wrought chain of circumstantial evidence, so artificially brought forward to prove Sir Philip Francis's title to the Letters of Junius, seemed at first irrefragable; yet the influence of the reasoning has passed away, and Junius, in the general opinion, is as much unknown as ever. But on this subject I will not be soothed or provoked into saying one word more. To say who I am not, would be one step towards saying who I am; and as I desire not, any more than a certain justice of peace mentioned by Shenstone, the noise or report such things make in the world, I shall continue to be silent on a subject, which, in my opinion, is very undeserving the rout that has been made about it. - - - -

Captain. But allowing, my dear sir, that you care not for your personal reputation, or for that of any literary person upon whose shoulders your faults may be visited, allow me to say, that common gratitude to the public, who have received you so kindly, and to the critics, who have treated you so leniently, ought to induce you to bestow more pains on your story.

Author. I do entreat you, my son, as Dr. Johnson would have said, "free your mind from cant." For the critics, they have their business, and I mine; as the nursery proverb goes—

"The children in Holland take pleasure in making. What the children in England take pleasure in breaking."

I am their humble jackall, too busy in providing food for them, to have time for considering whether they swallow or reject it.—To the public, I stand pretty nearly in the relation of the postman who leaves a packet at the door of an individual. If it contains pleasing intelligence, a billet from a mistress, a letter from an absent son, a remittance from a correspondent supposed to be bankrupt,—the letter is acceptably welcome, and read and re-read, folded up, filed, and safely deposited in the bureau. If the contents are disagreeable, if it comes from a dun or from a bore, the correspondent is cursed, the letter is thrown into the fire, and the expense of postage is heartily regretted; while all the while the bearer of the dispatches is, in either case, as little thought on as the snow of last Christmas. The utmost extent of kindness between the author and the public which can really exist, is, that the world are disposed to be somewhat indulgent to the succeeding works of an original favourite, were it but on account of the habit which the public mind has acquired; while the author very naturally thinks well of their taste, who have so liberally applauded his productions. But I deny there is any call for gratitude, properly so called, either on one side or the other.

Captain. Respect to yourself, then, ought to teach caution.

Author. Ay, if caution could augment the chance of my success. But, to confess to you the truth, the works and passages in which I have succeeded, have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity; and when I have seen some of these placed in opposition with others, and commended as more highly finished, I could appeal to pen and standish, that the parts in which I have come feebly off, were by much the more laboured. Besides, I doubt the beneficial effect of too much delay, both on account of the author and the public. A man should strike while the iron is hot, and hoist sail while the wind is fair. If a successful author keeps not the stage, another instantly takes his ground. If a writer lies by for ten years ere he produces a second work, he is superseded by others; or, if the age is so poor of genius that this does not happen, his own reputation becomes his greatest obstacle. The public will expect the new work to be ten times better than its predecessor; the author will expect it should be ten times more popular, and 'tis a hundred to ten that both are disappointed.

Captain. This may justify a certain degree of rapidity in publication, but not that which is proverbially said to be no speed. You should take time at least to arrange your story.

Author. That is a sore point with me, my son. Believe me, I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have repeatedly laid down my future work to scale, divided it into volumes and chapters, and endeavoured to construct a story which I meant should evolve itself gradually and strikingly, maintain suspense, and stimulate curiosity; and which, finally, should terminate in a striking catastrophe. But I think there is a demon who seats himself on the feather of my pen when I begin to write, and leads it astray from the purpose. Characters expand under my hand; incidents are multiplied; the story lingers, while the materials increase; my regular mansion turns out a Gothic anomaly, and the work is complete long before I have attained the point I proposed.

Captain. Resolution and determined forbearance might remedy that evil.

Author. Alas, my dear sir, you do not know the force of paternal affection.—When I light on such a character as Bailie Jarvie, or Daigetty, my imagination brightens, and my conception becomes clearer at every step which I make in his company, although it leads me many a weary mile away from the regular road, and forces me to leap hedge and ditch to get back into the route again. If I resist the temptation, as you advise me, my thoughts become prosy, flat, and dull; I write painfully to myself, and under a consciousness of flagging which makes me flag still more; the sunshine with which fancy had invested the incidents, departs from them, and leaves every thing dull and gloomy. I am no more the same author,

than the dog in a wheel, condemned to go round and round for hours, is like the same dog merrily chasing his own tail, and gambolling in all the frolic of unrestrained freedom. In short, sir, on such occasions, I think I am bewitched.

Captain. Nay, sir, if you plead sorcery, there is no more to be said—he must needs go whom the devil drives. . . .

All this is very playful, and impresses on our minds a fine Eidolon, if we must name it so, of an author in whom the highest genius, the soundest judgment, and the utmost goodness of heart, are so enchantingly intertwined, like the common strands forming one silken cord. But to the Fortunes of Nigel—to as perfect a picture of the age of James the First as ever was drawn of any era; to a portraiture of characters as true to nature as if the painter had lived among them and studied them all his life; and to a style as fitted to the scene as if Shakespeare himself had composed the narrative.

Nigel Olifaunt, Lord of Glenvarloch, the hero of the piece, is introduced to the readers through a broil into which his serving man Richard, or Richie Moniplies, falls with the 'prentices of Fleet-street—a class curiously described. Richie is rescued by two of these worthies, Jenkins Vincent, or Jin Vin, and Frank Tunstall, apprentices to Davy Ramsay, a Scotch chronometer-maker and horologist to the king. Ramsay is devoted to abstruse calculations; but has, nevertheless, a very pretty daughter with an independent fortune of two hundred pounds a year, the heroine of our story. When Moniplies is carried with his broken head into the house of the horologist, one Master George accidentally comes in, and directing the cure of the wounded man, learns who he is and where his master abides, viz. at a mean lodging in John Christie's, a ship chandler on Paul's Wharf, with a buxom wife twenty years younger than himself. This Master George is Heriot, a very rich and worshipful personage, the king's jeweller, and a favourite, with all the influence of wealth, at the court to which poor Nigel has rather a hopeless suit, his inheritance being nearly forfeited, and the debt due by the crown since the Raid of Ruthven to his noble father, very unlikely to be obtained for its redemption.

The benevolent and spirited goldsmith resolves to try what can be done at Whitehall, and, having won his way with Lord Nigel, the following extract will elucidate both the author and their progress:

The goldsmith to the Royal Household, and who, if fame spoke true, oftentimes acted as their banker, (for these professions were not as yet separated from each other,) was a person of too much importance to receive the slightest interruption from sentinel or porter; and leaving his mule and two of his followers in the outer court, he gently knocked at a postern-gate of the building, and was presently admitted, while the most trusty of his attendants followed him closely with the piece of plate under his arm. This man also he left behind him in an anti-room, where three or four pages in the royal livery, but untrussed, unbuttoned, and dressed more

carelessly than the place and nearness to a King's person seemed to admit, were playing at dice and draughts, or stretched upon benches, and slumbering with half-shut eyes. A corresponding gallery, which opened from the anti-room, was occupied by two gentlemen-ushers of the chamber, who gave each a smile of recognition as the wealthy goldsmith entered. No word was spoken on either side, but one of the ushers looked first to Heriot, and then to a little door half-covered by the tapestry, which seemed to say as plain as a look could—"Lies your business that way?" The citizen nodded, and the court-attendant, moving on tiptoe and with as much caution as if the floor had been paved with eggs, advanced to the door, opened it gently, and spoke a few words in a low tone. The broad Scottish accent of King James was heard in reply—"Admit him instantler, Maxwell. Have ye hairboured sae lang at the court, and not learned that gold and silver is ever welcome?"

The usher signed to Heriot to advance, and the honest citizen was presently introduced into the cabinet of the Sovereign.

The scene of confusion amid which he found the King seated, was no bad picture of the state and quality of James's own mind. There was much that was rich and costly in cabinet pictures and valuable ornaments, but they were slovenly arranged, covered with dust, and lost half their value, or at least their effect, from the manner in which they were presented to the eye. The table was loaded with huge folios, amongst which lay light books of jest, and ribaldry; and amongst notes of unmercifully long orations, and essays on king-craft, were mingled miserable roundels and ballads by the royal 'Prentice, as he styled himself, in the art of poetry, and schemes for the general pacification of Europe, with a list of the names of the King's hounds, and remedies against canine madness.

The King's dress was of green velvet; quilted so full as to be dagger-proof, which gave him the appearance of clumsy and ungainly protuberance; while its being buttoned awry communicated to his figure an air of distortion. Over his green doublet he wore a sad-coloured night-gown, out of the pocket of which peeped his hunting-horn. His high-crowned grey hat lay on the floor, covered with dust, but encircled by a carcanet of large balas rubies; and he wore a blue velvet night-cap, in the front of which was placed the plume of a heron, which had been struck down by a favourite hawk in some critical moment of the flight, in remembrance of which the King wore this highly honoured feather.

But such inconsistencies in dress and appointments were mere outward types of those which existed in the royal character, rendering it a subject of doubt amongst his contemporaries, and bequeathing it as a problem to future historians. He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that and of himself, to the most unworthy favourites; a big and bold assertor of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; and a fearer of war, where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue fami-

liarity; capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusement; a wit, though a pedant; and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform, and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he shewed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifter where serious labour was required; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppression of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand, yet inconsiderately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see. In a word, those good qualities which displayed themselves in particular cases and occasions, were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to regulate his general conduct; and, shewing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled James to the character bestowed on him by Sully—that he was the wisest fool in Christendom.

That the fortunes of this monarch might be as little of a piece as his character, he, certainly the least able of the Stuarts, succeeded peaceably to that kingdom, against the power of which his predecessors had, with so much difficulty, defended his native throne. And, lastly, although his reign appeared calculated to ensure to Great Britain that lasting tranquillity and internal peace which so much suited the King's disposition, yet, during that very reign, were sown those seeds of dissension, which, like the teeth of the fabulous dragon, had their harvest in a bloody and universal civil war.

Such was the monarch, who, saluting Heriot familiarly by the name of Jingling Geordie, (for it was his well-known custom to give nick-names to all his familiars,) inquired what new clatter-traps he had brought with him, to cheat his lawful and native Prince out of his siller.

This clatter-trap is a piece of chased plate, and the colloquy proceeds:

"It was wrought, sir," replied the goldsmith, "by the famous Florentine, Benvenuto Cellini, and designed for Francis the First of France; but I hope it will find a fitter master."

"Francis of France!" said the King; "send Solomon, King of the Jews, to Francis of France!—Body of me, man, it would have kythed Cellini mad, had he never done any thing else out of the gate. Francis!—why, he was a fighting fule, man—a mere fighting fule,—got himsell ta'en at Pavia, like our ain David at Durham lang syne;—if they could hae sent him Solomon's wit, and love of peace and godliness, they wad hae done him a better turn. But Solomon should sit in other gate company than Francis of France."

"I trust that such will be his good fortune," said Heriot.

"It is a curious and vera artificial sculpture," said the King, in continuation; "but yet, methinks, the crucifix, or executioner there, is brandishing his guiley ower near the King's face, seeing he is within reach of his weapon. I think less wisdom than Solomon's wald have taught him that there was danger in edge-tools, and that he wald have hidden the snaiik either sheath his shabie, or stand farther back."

George Heriot endeavoured to alleviate this objection, by assuring the King that the

vicinity betwixt Solomon and the executioner was nearer in appearance than in reality, and that the perspective should be allowed for.

"Gang to the de'il wi' your prospective, man," said the King; "there canna be a waur prospective for a lawfu' king, wha wishes to reign in luv, and die in peace and honour, than to have naked swords flashing in his een. I am accounted as brave as mist folk; and yet I profess to ye I could never look on a bare blade without blinking and winking. But a' together it is a brave piece;—and what is the price of it, man?"

The goldsmith replied by observing, that it was not his own property, but that of a distressed countryman.

"Whitk you mean to mak your excuse for asking the double of its worth, I warrant," answered the King. "I ken the tricks of you burrows-town merchants, man."

"I have no hopes of baffling your Majesty's sagacity," said Heriot; "the piece is really what I say, and the price a hundred and fifty pounds sterling, if it pleases your Majesty to make present payment."

"A hundred and fifty punds, man! and as many witehes and warlocks to raise them!" said the irritated monarch. "My san!, Jingling Geordie, ye are minded that your purse shall jingle to a bonnie tune!—How am I to tell you down a hundred and fifty punds for what will not weigh as many merks; and ye ken that my very household servants, and the officers of my mouth, are six months in arrear!"

The goldsmith stood his ground against all this oburgation, as being what he was well accustomed to, and only answered, that, if his Majesty liked the piece, and desired to possess it, the price could be easily settled. It was true that the party could not want the money, but he, George Heriot, would advance it on his Majesty's account, if such were his pleasure, and wait his royal convenience for payment, for that and other matters; the money, meanwhile, lying at the ordinary usage.

Heriot takes an opportunity of pleading the cause of Nigel; for whom he obtains a present supply of money, and permission to plead his own cause at court. Previous to this, however, Heriot entertains him with other company at his mansion in the city, where we are made acquainted with a cynic of the first water, Sir Mungo Malagrowther of Gairnigo Castle.

That good knight knocked at Master Heriot's door just as the clock began to strike twelve, and was seated in his chair ere the last stroke had chimed. This gave the knight an excellent opportunity of making sarcastic observations on all who came later than himself, not to mention a few rubs at the expense of those who had been so superfluous as to appear earlier.

Having little or no property save his bare designation, Sir Mungo had been early attached to Court in the capacity of whipping-boy, as the office was then called, to King James the Sixth, and, with his Majesty, trained to all polite learning by his celebrated preceptor, George Buchanan. The office of whipping-boy doomed its unfortunate occupant to undergo all the corporeal punishment which the Lord's Anointed, whose proper person was of course sacred, might chance to incur, in the course of travelling through his grammar and prosody. Under

the stern rule, indeed, of George Buchanan, who did not approve of the vicarious mode of punishment, James bore the penance of his own faults; and Mungo Malagrowther enjoyed a sinecure; but James's other pedagogue, Master Patrick Young, went more ceremoniously to work, and appalled the very soul of the youthful king by the floggings which he bestowed on the whipping-boy, when the royal task was not suitably performed. And be it told to Sir Mungo's praise, that there were points about him in the highest respect suited to his official situation. He had even in youth a naturally irregular and grotesque set of features, which, when distorted by fear, pain, and anger, looked like one of the whimsical faces which present themselves in a Gothic cornice. His voice was also high pitched and querulous, so that, when smarting under Master Peter Young's unsparring inflictions, the expression of his grotesque physiognomy, and the superhuman yells which he uttered, were well suited to produce all the effects on the monarch who deserved the lash, that could possibly be produced by seeing another and an innocent individual suffering for his delict.

Sir Mungo Malagrowther, for such he became, thus got an early footing at court, which another would have improved and maintained. But when he grew too big to be whipped, he had no other means of rendering himself acceptable. A bitter, caustic, and backbiting humour, a malicious wit, and an envy of others more prosperous than the possessor of such amiable qualities, have not indeed always been found obstacles to a courtier's rise; but then they must be amalgamated with a degree of selfish cunning and prudence, of which Sir Mungo had no share. His satire ran riot, his envy could not conceal itself, and it was not long after his majority till he had as many quarrels upon his hands as would have required a cat's nine lives to answer. In one of these rencontres he received, perhaps we should say fortunately, a wound, which served him as an excuse for answering no invitations of the kind in future. Sir Rullion Rattray, of Rana-gallion, cut off, in mortal combat, three of the fingers of his right hand, so that Sir Mungo never could hold sword again. At a later period, having written some satirical verses upon the Lady Cockpen, he received so severe a chastisement from some persons employed for the purpose, that he was found half dead on the spot where they had thus dealt with him, and one of his thighs having been broken, and ill set, gave him a hitch in his gait, with which he hobbled to his grave. The lameness of his leg and hand, besides that they added considerably to the grotesque appearance of this original, procured him in future a personal immunity from the more dangerous consequences of his own humour; and he gradually grew old in the service of the court, in safety of life and limb, though without either making friends or attaining preferment. Sometimes, indeed, the King was amused with his caustic sallies, but he had never art enough to improve the favourable opportunity; and his enemies (who were upon the matter the whole court) always found means to throw him out of favour again. The celebrated Archie Armstrong offered Sir Mungo, in his generosity, a skirt of his own fool's coat, proposing thereby to communicate to him the privileges and immunities of a professed jester—"For," said the man of motley, "Sir Mungo,

as he goes on just now, gets no more for a good jest than just the King's pardon for having made it."

Even in London, the golden shower which fell around him, did not moisten the blighted fortunes of Sir Mungo Malagrowther. He grew old, deaf, and peevish—lost even the spirit which had formerly animated his strictures, and was barely endured by James; who, though himself nearly as far stricken in years, retained, to an unusual and even an absurd degree, the desire to be surrounded by young people. Sir Mungo, thus fallen into the yellow leaf of years and fortune, shewed his emaciated form and faded embroidery at court as seldom as his duty permitted; and spent his time in indolgent his food for satire, in the public walks and in the aisles of Saint Paul's, which were then the general resort of newsmongers and characters of all descriptions, associating himself chiefly with such of his countrymen as he accounted of inferior birth and rank to himself. In this manner, hating and contemning commerce and those who pursued it, he nevertheless lived a good deal among the Scottish artists and merchants who had followed the court to London. To these he could shew his cynicism without much offence, for some submitted to his jeers and ill-humour in deference to his birth and knight-hood, which in those days conferred high privileges; and others, of more sense, pitied and endured the old man, unhappy alike in his fortunes and his temper.

At the dinner-party, where Lord Nigel encountered this original, he also met Mrs. Margaret Ramsay; and at prayers in the afternoon, a pale and mysterious female who dwells in utter seclusion in Mr. Heriot's house, and whose adventures are ultimately connected with those of the other persons of the drama. Another and very different character immediately afterwards appears in Ursula Suddlechops, the wife of a barber, and a pupil of the famous Mother Turner's: need we add, that she is a love procurer, and addicted to most of the crafts of a life of imposture and wickedness. This wise woman is, however, also the confidante of the ward in innocent matters; and when poor Peg-a-Ramsay's heart is stricken by Nigel at Heriot's feast, it is to her that she applies for advice. The consequence of this is felt in the main thread of the story. Nigel's claims are opposed by the favourite Buckingham, and by Prince Charles, who secretly want Glenvarloch for a hunting-seat. The struggle between the king's sense of justice and his timidity is exquisitely portrayed, (and indeed in every part where James appears his character is developed with a master hand;) and when, through the interference of an ancient and respected nobleman, Lord Huntinglen, Nigel receives his Majesty's sign manual for the amount of his claim, the manners of the then court of England are excellently displayed. Heriot and Nigel are leaving the presence with the important grant:—

They both followed the Earl without speaking, and were in the second anti-room when the important announcement of the ushers, and the hasty murmur with which all made ample way as the company repeated to each other, "The Duke—the Duke!" made them aware of the approach of the omnipotent favourite.

He entered, that unhappy minion of court favour, sumptuously dressed in the picturesque attire which will live for ever on the canvas of Vandyke, and which marks so well the proud age, when aristocracy, though undermined and nodding to its fall, still, by external show and profuse expence, endeavoured to assert its paramount superiority over the inferior orders. The handsome and commanding countenance, stately form, and graceful action and manners of the Duke of Buckingham, made him become that picturesque dress beyond any man of his time. At present, however, his countenance seemed discomposed, his dress a little more disordered than became the place, his step hasty, and his voice imperative.

All marked the angry spot upon his brow, and bore back so suddenly to make way for him, that the Earl of Huntingten, who affected no extraordinary haste on the occasion, with his companions, who could not, if they would, have decently left him, remained as it were by themselves in the middle of the room, and in the very path of the angry favourite. He touched his cap sternly as he looked on Huntingten, but unbonneted to Heriot, and sunk his beaver, with its shadowy plume, as low as the floor, with a profound air of mock respect. In returning his greeting, which he did simply and unaffectedly, the citizen only said,—"Too much courtesy, my lord duke, is often the reverse of kindness."

"I grieve you should think so, Master Heriot," answered the Duke; "I only meant, by my homage, to claim your protection, sir—your patronage. You are become, I understand, a solicitor of suits—a promoter—an undertaker—a fautor of court suitors of merit and quality, who chance to be penniless. I trust your bags will bear you out in your new boast."

"They will bear me the farther, my lord duke," answered the goldsmith, "that my boast is but small."

"O, you do yourself less than justice, my good Master Heriot," continued the Duke, in the same tone of irony; "You have a marvellous court-faction, to be the son of an Edinburgh tinker. Have the goodness to prefer me to the knowledge of the high-born nobleman who is honoured and advantaged by your patronage."

"That shall be my task," said Lord Huntingten, with emphasis. "My Lord Duke, I desire you to know Nigel Olifaunt, Lord Glenvarloch, representative of one of the most ancient and powerful baronial houses in Scotland.—Lord Glenvarloch, I present you to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, representative of Sir George Villiers, Knight, of Brookesby, in the county of Leicester."

The Duke coloured still more high as he bowed to Lord Glenvarloch scornfully, a courtesy which the other returned haughtily, and with restrained indignation. "We know each other, then," said the Duke, "after a moment's pause, and as if he had seen something in the young nobleman which merited more serious notice than the bitter raillery with which he had commenced. "We know each other, and you know me, my lord, for your enemy."

"I thank you for your plainness," my lord duke," replied Nigel; "an open enemy is better than a hollow friend."

"For you, my Lord Huntingten," said the Duke, "methinks you have but now overstepped the limits of the indulgence permitted

to you, as the father of the Prince's friend, and my own."

"By my faith, my lord duke," replied the Earl, "it is easy for any one to outstep boundaries, of the existence of which he was not aware. It is neither to secure my protection nor approbation, that my son keeps such exalted company."

"O, my lord, we know you, and indulge you," said the Duke; "you are one of those who presume for a life-long upon the merit of one good action."

"In faith, my lord, and if it be so," said the old Earl, "I have at least the advantage of such as presume more than I do, without having done any action of merit whatever. But I mean not to quarrel with you, my lord—we can neither be friends nor enemies—you have your path, and I have mine."

Buckingham only replied by throwing on his bonnet, and shaking its lofty plume with a careless and scornful toss of the head. They parted thus; the Duke walking onwards through the apartments, and the others leaving the palace and repairing to Whitehall stairs, where they embarked on board the barge of the citizen.

In the course of affairs, Nigel, at his friend Lord Huntingten's, becomes intimate with his only son, Lord Dalgarno, the young Iago of the piece, and an intimate of the Duke of Buckingham's. In order to ruin Nigel, he seduces him to a gaming-house (a place his father had forbidden him ever to enter,) and endeavours to familiarize him with the licence of a gallant's life in town. At this point the first volume closes:—and when we have gone thus far we feel all the force of the writer's art. His contrasts: Nigel and Dalgarno—the open ingenuous noble and the villainous courtier, and also Dalgarno and his own father—the new and old school: the two 'prentices, Vincent and Tunstall: the domestics Richie and Lutin—the one a fidelity, the other a rascal gipsy: the females, Margaret Ramsay and Lady Hermione—the first all woman, the last the wreck of woman's hopes. Besides the endless and nicely discriminated varieties; the king per se; Prince Charles, Buckingham, old Malgrowther, Heriot, old Ramsay, John Christie, his wife Nelly, and Dame Suddlechops; every one perfect in kind. These individualities, or realizations of life; the admirable development of the royal character, the natural course of intricate events, all combine to cheat the fancy, and make us peruse the narrative as no fiction. In one only instance is this not the case. The episodical adventures of Lady Hermione in Spain are artificial; her release from a convent, where all her betrayer could desire is secured, is contrary to all probability, unexplained as it is by any urgency for so gross a folly in so cold blooded a Machiavel.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. in 1817 and 1820. By Sir Robert Ker Porter. Vol. II. 4to. Longman & Co.

An Address to the Reader, in two pages, prefaces this Volume; and in the style of quiet reproof, notices the strictures in the

Quarterly Review upon its predecessor—strictures which, we are free to say, struck us as perhaps the least warranted that ever appeared in that able and justly popular publication. The censure of an author for not knowing that which he does not pretend to know, can never be fair criticism; and if such a system were pursued, we must never look for another book till an Admirable Crichton arises, equally versed in all the sciences, to indite it. We perhaps felt this the more, as we had ourselves very carefully examined the Work in question, and as far as our humble testimony is worth attention, we must say, that its variety, accuracy, and interest on every point which it purported to embrace, both surprised and delighted us.

Nor is the volume which has just issued from the press to complete this valuable work, at all inferior to the former; on the contrary, as it relates to places less known, we think it still more calculated to delight the world of letters. It commences with the author's departure from Shiraz on the 29th of July 1818. On the 1st of August, after passing through Mayan (the residence of Job, according to Chardin), he arrived at the sacred village of Iman Zada Ismael, of which every inhabitant claims to be descended from Mohammed, and are called Saieds, or Sons of the Prophet. Here, says Sir Robert,

—Every sort of provision that the village afforded was at our command, and due attendance to prepare and serve it. We were surprised by finding the women of the place not only walking about in freedom, but completely unveiled, and mixing promiscuously in discourse or occupation with the male inhabitants; neither did they retreat from their various domestic employments on our near approach. Their features are regular, with dark complexions, and large fine eyes; and their figures are good, with a general appearance of cleanliness, a grace not very common amongst the lower classes in Persia. The chief cause of such humble affluence and manifest content, lies in the sacred village being exempted from tribute of any kind. Neither does it furnish the customary quota of armed men, demanded on the part of government from all less holy districts, to attend the king in his wars or annual encampments; and, in addition to these privileges, the prince-governor of Shiraz pays a yearly sum of forty tomanas towards the repair and decoration of the Iman's tomb. The village is well constructed, clean, and at every point shows a flourishing condition.---

They were detained twelve days by the illness of Dr. Sharpe, and had time to study the manners of the holy race:—

— I found (continues our author) our landlord an active and intelligent man, with whom I went out almost every day before sun-rise, on shooting parties. The principal game were red-legged partridges, which abound in these valleys. There are bears also, of considerable size, which destroy the vines and bee-hives, the two great sources of this people's wealth; but amongst these spoilers of the field, our host was a very Antor. He was also as good-humoured a son of Mahommed as any who enjoys the privileges of his lineage; and in no way grudging himself the latitude the Koran allows

Amongst other indulgencies, he gifted himself with wives to the full complement; and added as many supernumerary handmaids, as his conscience could make room for. Consequently, where so numerous a collection of the liveliest sex, with their several offspring, were together, we might expect any thing else for a sick man's comfort, than silence for his repose. Indeed, from the hour of rising, to that of going to rest, the house sounded with one continued chatter of female voices, mingling with the prattle of children, and the bustling clamour of varied occupation. These women do all the laborious part of the household establishment, each having her own especial department, such as baking the bread, cooking the meat, drawing the water, &c. And, notwithstanding the latest espoused is usually spared in these labours, and the best drest, still the whole party seem to remain in good humour; no appearance of jealousy disturbing the amicable routine of their proceedings. Indeed I believe this representation to be the fact; for when their lord shews himself amongst them, it is like a master coming into a herd of favourite animals; they all rush forward, frisking about him, pleased with a caress; or frisking still, if they meet with a pat instead. Such is the power of education, in fitting all human beings for a general happy acquiescence in whatever state it is their lot to be born. . . . The four wives of my worthy host, with their female auxiliaries, retire at sun-set from their domestic toils; and each taking her infant and its cradle to the roof of her division of the house, not forgetting the skin of water she has brought from the spring or well, she deposits the babe in safety; and suspends the water-case near her bed on a tripod of sticks, in order that the evaporation may cool it for the night or next day's use. . . .

The mountain tribes in the adjacent country are sheer banditti, plundering and murdering whenever opportunity offers. Leaving the Sacred Village on August 15th, they surmounted the hills, and passed into the valley of Oujon, one of the most fertile in Persia, and memorable as the scene of King Baharam's singular death, and of the government of the English Shirleys in the time of Shah Abbas. At Yezdikah, Sir Robert met a person to whom he alludes in his first volume, as having had a miraculous escape from death:—

— The benignity of his countenance, (he tells us) united with the crippled state of his venerable frame, from the effects of his precipitation from the terrible height of execution, redoubled my more than curiosity to enquire into the particulars of so amazing a preservation. Perhaps he read this wish in the frequent turning of my eyes towards him; for entering into conversation on the amiable characters of the reigning royal family of Persia, and comparing the present happiness of his country under their rule, with its misery during the sanguinary usurpation of the tyrant Nackee Khan, the good old man, who had himself been so signal an example of that misery, was easily led to describe the extraordinary circumstances of his own case. Being connected with the last horrible acts, and consequent fall of the usurper, a double interest accompanied his recital, the substance of which was nearly as follows:—

Having by intrigues and assassinations made himself master of the regal power at

Shiraz, this monster of human kind found that the governor of Ispahan, instead of adhering to him, had proclaimed the accession of the lawful heir. No sooner was the news brought to Nackee Khan, than he put himself at the head of his troops, and set forward to revenge his contemned authority. When he arrived as far as Yezdikast, he encamped his army for a short halt, near the tomb on the north side. Being as insatiable of money as blood, he sent to the inhabitants of Yezdikast, and demanded an immense sum in gold, which he insisted should instantly be paid to his messengers. Unable to comply, the fact was respectfully pleaded in excuse; namely, "that all the money the city had possessed, was already taken away by his own officers, and those of the opposite party; and that, at present, there was scarce a toman in the place." Enraged at this answer, he repaired full of wrath to the town, and ordering eighteen of the principal inhabitants to be brought before him, again demanded the money, but with threats and imprecations which made the hearers tremble. Still, however, they could only return the same answer—"their utter inability to pay;" and the tyrant, without a moment's preparation, commanded the men to be seized, and hurled from the top of the precipice, in his sight. Most of them were instantly killed on the spot; others, cruelly maimed, died in terrible agonies where they fell; and the describer of the dreadful scene was the only one who survived. He could form no idea of how long he lay after precipitation, utterly senseless; "but," added he, "by the will of God I breathed again; and, on opening my eyes, found myself amongst the dead and mangled bodies of my former neighbours and friends. Some yet groaned." He then related, that in the midst of his horror at the sight, he heard sounds of yet more terrible acts, from the top of the cliff; and, momentarily strengthened by fear of he knew not what, for he believed that death had already grasped his own poor shattered frame, he managed to crawl away unperceived, into one of the numerous caverned holes which perforate the foot of the steep. He lay there in an expiring state the whole night, but in the morning was providentially discovered by some of the town's people, who came to seek the bodies of their murdered relatives, to mourn over, and take them away for burial. The poor man, feeble as he was, called to these weeping groups; and to their astonishment and joy, they drew out one survivor from the dreadful heap of slain. No time was lost in conveying him home, and administering every kind of assistance; but many months elapsed before he was able to move from his house, so deep had been the injuries inflicted in his fall.

In the course of his awful narrative, he told us, that the noise which had so appalled him, as he lay among the blood-stained rocks, was indeed the acting of a new cruelty of the usurper. After having witnessed the execution of his sentence on the eighteen citizens, whose asseverations he had determined not to believe, Nackee Khan immediately sent for a devout man, called Saied Hassan, who was considered the sage of the place, and for his charities greatly beloved by the people. "This man," said the Khan, "being a descendant of the prophet, must know the truth, and will tell it me. He shall find me those who can, and will pay the money." But the answer given

by the honest Saied, being precisely the same with that of the innocent victims who had already perished, the tyrant's fury knew no bounds, and, rising from his seat, he ordered the holy man to be rent asunder in his presence, and then thrown over the rock, to increase the monument of his vengeance below.

It was the tumult of this most dreadful execution, which occasioned the noise that drove the affrighted narrator to the shelter of any hole from the eye of merciless man. But the cruel scene did not end there. Even in the yet sensible ear of the Saied, expiring in agonies, his execrable murderer ordered that his wife and daughters should be given up to the soldiers; and that in punishment of such universal rebellion in the town, the whole place should be razed to the ground. But this last act of blood on a son of the prophet, cost the perpetrator his life. For the soldiers themselves, and the nobles who had been partizans of the usurper, were so struck with horror at the sacrilegious murder, and appalled with the threatened guilt of violating women of the sacred family, that they believed a curse must follow the abettors of such a man. The next step, in their minds, was to appease heaven by the immolation of the offender; and, in the course of that very night, a band of his servants cut the cords of his tent, which instantly falling in upon him, afforded them a secure opportunity of burying their poniards in his body. The first strokes were followed by thousands: so detested was the wretch, that in a few minutes his remains were hewn and torn to pieces. It does not become men to lift the veil which lies over the whole doom of a ruthless murderer; but there is something in the last mortal yell of a tyrant, whether it be a Robespierre or a Nackee Khan, which sounds, as if mingled with a dreadful echo from the eternal shore. (To be continued.)

Bracebridge Hall; or The Humourists. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. 8vo. 2 vols. London 1832. J. Murray.

THE pleasure which the public received from Mr. Irving's first publication in England, *The Sketch Book*, will be renewed by these volumes; if not in the same degree, at least to an extent which it would be ingratitude not to repay with the tribute of warm applause. He is a very pleasing writer, and though, as he seems to suspect himself, the novelty of his debut from across the Atlantic did contribute somewhat to his earliest impression; there is so much of ease, fancy, and talent in his essays, that he need fear no lack of commendation, even were he home-bred. In his introductory paper, "the Author," he has drawn a vivid picture of his sensations on visiting England; the sensations of an intelligent being of the New World on the view of the land of his fathers in the Old.

We are sorry that we cannot quote any portion of what does so much honour both to head and heart; but the big circumstances of our present week's labours compel us, with this bald preface, and a selection of one of his Essays, to send the author before our readers. We may but premise that his framework consists of a revisit to Bracebridge Hall in Yorkshire; and that the squire, his satellites, the village people, and

the neighbouring population, supply him with the characters which he exhibits on the slides of his magic lantern. Our favourite in the 2d volume is, however,

THE ROOKERY.

In a grove of tall oaks and beeches, that crowns a terrace-walk, just on the skirts of the garden, is an ancient rookery; which is one of the most important provinces in the squire's rural domains. The old gentleman sets great store by his rooks, and will not suffer one of them to be killed; in consequence of which they have increased amazingly; the tree-tops are loaded with their nests; they have encroached upon the great avenue, and have even established, in times long past, a colony among the elms and pines of the churchyard, which, like other distant colonies, has already thrown off allegiance to the mother-country.

The rooks are looked upon by the squire as a very ancient and honourable line of gentry, highly aristocratical in their notions, fond of place, and attached to church and state; as their buildings so loftily, keeping about churches and cathedrals, and in the venerable groves of old castles and manor-houses, sufficiently manifest. The good opinion thus expressed by the squire put me upon observing more narrowly these very respectable birds; for I confess, to my shame, I had been apt to confound them with their cousins-german the crows, to whom, at the first glance, they bear so great a family resemblance. Nothing, it seems, could be more unjust or injurious than such a mistake. The rooks and crows are, among the feathered tribes, what the Spaniards and Portuguese are among nations, the least loving, in consequence of their neighbourhood and similarity. The rooks are old-established housekeepers, high-minded genteel folk, that have had their hereditary abodes time out of mind; but as to the poor crows, they are a kind of vagabond, predatory, gipsy race, roving about the country without any settled home; "their hands are against every body, and every body's against them," and they are gibbeted in every cornfield. Master Simon assures me that a female rook, that should so far forget herself as to consort with a crow, would inevitably be disinherited, and indeed would be totally discarded by all her genteel acquaintance.

The squire is very watchful over the interests and concerns of his sable neighbours. As to Master Simon, he even pretends to know many of them by sight, and to have given names to them; he points out several, which he says are old heads of families, and compares them to worthy old citizens, beforehand in the world, that wear cocked-hats, and silver buckles in their shoes. Notwithstanding the protecting benevolence of the squire, and their being residents in his empire, they seem to acknowledge no allegiance, and to hold no intercourse or intimacy. Their airy tenements are built almost out of the reach of gun-shot; and, notwithstanding their vicinity to the Hall, they maintain a most reserved and distrustful shyness of mankind.

There is one season of the year, however, which brings all birds in a manner to a level, and tames the pride of the loftiest highflyer; which is the season of building their nests. This takes place early in the spring, when the forest-trees first begin to show their buds; the long, withy ends of the branches to turn green; when the wild strawberry,

and other herbage of the sheltered woodlands, put forth their tender and tinted leaves; and the daisy and the primrose peep from under the hedges. At this time there is a general bustle among the feathered tribes; an incessant fluttering about, and a cheerful chirping; indicative, like the germination of the vegetable world, of the reviving life and fecundity of the year.

It is then that the rooks forget their usual stateliness, and their shy and lofty habits. Instead of keeping up in the high regions of the air, swinging on the breezy tree-tops, and looking down with sovereign contempt upon the humble crawlers upon earth, they are fain to throw off for a time the dignity of the gentleman, to come down to the ground, and put on the pains-taking and industrious character of a labourer. They now lose their natural shyness, become fearless and familiar, and may be seen plying about in all directions, with an air of great assiduity, in search of building materials. Every now and then your path will be crossed by one of these busy old gentlemen, worrying about with awkward gait, as if troubled with the gout, or with corns on his toes, casting about many a prying look, turning down first one eye, then the other, in earnest consideration, upon every straw he meets with, until, espying some mighty twig, large enough to make a raft for his air-castle, he will seize upon it with avidity, and hurry away with it to the tree-top; fearing, apparently, lest you should dispute with him the invaluable prize.

Like other castle-builders, these airy architects seem rather fanciful in the materials with which they build, and to like those most which come from a distance. Thus, though there are abundance of dry twigs on the surrounding trees, yet they never think of making use of them, but go foraging in distant lands, and come sailing home, one by one, from the ends of the earth, each bearing in his bill some precious piece of timber.

Nor must I avoid mentioning, what I grieve to say, rather derogates from the grave and honourable character of these ancient gentlefolk, that, during the architectural season, they are subject to great dissensions among themselves; that they make no scruple to defraud and plunder each other; and that sometimes the rookery is a scene of hideous brawl and commotion, in consequence of some delinquency of the kind. One of the partners generally remains on the nest to guard it from depredation; and I have seen severe contests, when some sly neighbour has endeavoured to filch away a tempting raft that had captivated his eye. As I am not willing to admit any suspicion hastily that should throw a stigma on the general character of so worshipful a people, I am inclined to think that these larcenies are very much discountenanced by the higher classes, and even rigorously punished by those in authority; for I have now and then seen a whole gang of rooks fall upon the nest of some individual, pull it all to pieces, carry off the spoils, and even buffet the luckless proprietor. I have concluded this to be some signal punishment inflicted upon him, by the officers of the police, for some pilfering misdemeanour; or, perhaps, that it was a crew of bailiffs carrying an execution into his house.

I have been amused with another of their movements during the building season. The steward has suffered a considerable number of sheep to graze on a lawn near the house,

somewhat to the annoyance of the squire, who thinks that an innovation on the dignity of a park, which ought to be devoted to deer only. Be this as it may, there is a green knoll, not far from the drawing-room window, where the ewes and lambs are accustomed to assemble towards evening, for the benefit of the setting sun. No sooner were they gathered here, at the time when these politic birds were building, than a stately old rook, who Master Simon assured me was the chief magistrate of this community, would settle down upon the head of one of the ewes, who, seeming conscious of this concession, would desist from grazing, and stand fixed in motionless reverence of her august burthen; the rest of the rookery would then come wheeling down in imitation of their leader, until every ewe had two or three of them cawing, and fluttering, and battling upon her back. Whether they required the submission of the sheep, by levying a contribution upon their fleece for the benefit of the rookery, I am not certain; though I presume they followed the usual custom of protecting powers.

The latter part of May is the time of great tribulation among the rookeries, when the young are just able to leave the nests, and balance themselves on the neighbouring branches. Now comes on the season of "rook shooting;" a terrible slaughter of the innocents. The squire, of course, prohibits all invasion of the kind on his territories; but I am told that a lamentable havoc takes place in the colony about the old church. Upon this devoted commonwealth the village charges "with all its chivalry." Every idle wight that is lucky enough to possess an old gun or blunderbuss, together with all the archery of Slingsby's school, take the field on the occasion. In vain does the little parson interfere, or remonstrate, in angry tones, from his study window that looks into the churchyard; there is a continual popping from morning till night. Being no great marksmen, their shots are not often effective; but every now and then a great shout from the besieging army of bumpkins makes known the downfall of some unlucky, squab rook, which comes to the ground with the emphasis of a squashed apple-dumpling.

Nor is the rookery entirely free from other troubles and disasters. In so aristocratical and lofty-minded a community, which boasts so much ancient blood and hereditary pride, it is natural to suppose that questions of etiquette will sometimes arise, and affairs of honour ensue. In fact, this is very often the case; bitter quarrels break out between individuals, which produce sad scufflings on the tree-tops, and I have more than once seen a regular duel take place between two doughty heroes of the rookery. Their field of battle is generally the air; and their contest is managed in the most scientific and elegant manner; wheeling round and round each other, and towering higher and higher to get the 'vantage ground, until they sometimes disappear in the clouds before the combat is determined.

They have also fierce combats now and then with an invading hawk, and will drive him off from their territories by a *posse comitatus*. They are also extremely tenacious of their domains, and will suffer no other bird to inhabit the grove or its vicinity. There was a very ancient and respectable old bachelor owl that had long had his lodgings in a corner of the grove, but has been fairly

ejected by the rooks; and has retired, disgusted with the world, to a neighbouring wood, where he leads the life of a hermit, and makes nightly complaints of his ill treatment.

The hootings of this unhappy gentleman may generally be heard in the still evenings, when the rooks are all at rest; and I have often listened to them of a moonlight night, with a kind of mysterious gratification. This gray-bearded misanthrope of course is highly respected by the squire; but the servants have superstitious notions about him; and it would be difficult to get the dairy-maid to venture after dark near to the wood which he inhabits.

Besides the private quarrels of the rooks, there are other misfortunes to which they are liable, and which often bring distress into the most respectable families of the rookery. Having the true baronial spirit of the good old feudal times, they are apt now and then to issue forth from their castles on a foray, and to lay the plebeian fields of the neighbouring country under contribution; in the course of which chivalrous expeditions they now and then get a shot from the rusty artillery of some refractory farmer. Occasionally, too, while they are quietly taking the air beyond the park boundaries, they have the incursion to come within the reach of the traunt bowmen of Slingsby's school, and receive a flight shot from some unlucky urchin's arrow. In such case the wounded adventurer will sometimes have just strength enough to bring himself home, and, giving up the ghost at the rookery, will hang dangling "all abroad" on a bough, like a thief on a gibbet; an awful warning to his friends, and an object of great commiseration to the squire.

But, mangle all these untoward incidents, the rooks have, upon the whole, a happy holiday life of it. When their young are reared, and fairly launched upon their native element the air, the cares of the old folks seem over, and they resume all their aristocratical dignity and idleness. I have envied them the enjoyment which they appear to have in their ethereal heights, sporting with clamorous exultation about their lofty bowers; sometimes hovering over them, sometimes partially alighting upon the topmost branches, and there balancing with out-stretched wings, and swinging in the breeze. Sometimes they seem to take a fashionable drive to the church, and amuse themselves by circling in airy rings about its spire; at other times a mere garrison is left at home to mount guard in their strong hold at the grove, while the rest roam abroad to enjoy the fine weather. About sunset the garrison gives notice of their return; their faint cawing will be heard from a great distance, and they will be seen far off like a sable cloud, and then, nearer and nearer, until they all come soaring home. Then they perform several grand circuits in the air, over the hall and garden, wheeling closer and closer, until they gradually settle down upon the grove, when a prodigious cawing takes place, as though they were relating their day's adventures.

I like at such times to walk about these dusky groves, and hear the various sounds of these airy people roosted so high above me. As the gloom increases, their conversation subsides, and they seem to be gradually dropping asleep; but every now and then there is a querulous note, as if some one was quarrelling for a pillow, or a little more of

the blanket. It is late in the evening before they completely sink to repose, and then their old anchorite neighbour, the owl, begins his lonely hootings from his bachelor's hall, in the wood.

Reflections on the State of Ireland, &c. 8vo. pp. 276. Ridgway.

WE are averse from political discussions, but the state of Ireland is strongly connected at this moment with gentler and more benevolent feelings. We must recommend the present pamphlet, as a performance of peculiar interest under these circumstances. It is no fantastic theory, but a body of the experience of a highly cultivated mind on a subject which has exercised it for many years. It treats with force, but at the same time with eloquent feeling, of the primary and ultimate causes which have disturbed Ireland. We regret that neither our space nor our plan allows us to enter into its detail; but from the glance which we have been enabled to throw over it, it strikes us as one of the most vigorous and practical performances which have appeared on the subject—important to the public, and highly honourable to the anonymous author.

A PARISIAN'S VIEW OF LONDON.

Of a volume published very recently in Paris, and entitled *London in One thousand Eight hundred and Twenty-one, or a Collection of Letters on the Politics, Literature, and Manners, in the course of the year 1821, by the Author of A Year in London*, we copy the following notice in one of the journals.

If we are not as accurately acquainted with London as we are with Paris, it will not be the fault of our writers, who have for some years past been as much occupied with the one as with the other. Formerly it was only customary to make a tour to England; now, fashion commands it not only to be made, but written. I am convinced that an inhabitant of Paris, whose fortune and leisure will allow of his procuring, and reading with some degree of attention, this crowd of portable Ciceronis would be enabled to find his way in the streets of London, to direct his steps to such or such a palace, such or such a monument, without wanting any other guide. But as, doubtless, but few persons will try to become capable of such an effort, or to commence by poring over all the volumes which would enable them to accomplish it, it becomes necessary to choose among this multitude of travelling writers, who do not all of them bear much resemblance to either a Sterne or even a Chappelle. The author of the work before me appears one of those who merit a notice, and in running over the chapters of the work, I shall prefer selecting some newer traits for the reader, those which add fresh ideas to those we have already collected of the customs and manners of a people, whose moral painters have yet perhaps many discoveries to make.

For some years Methodism has been making rapid progress in England. This branch, grafted about fifty years ago on the English religion, draws the sap from a tree for which it may perhaps be some day substituted. This sad and cold fanaticism aims at discolouring life, robbing it of all its pleasures, all its illu-

sions; it may be called over and above protestantism (*l'ultra protestantisme*). Yet already are its followers divided: One, named Huntington, is chief of one of the most numerous sects. It is true he has made twenty volumes of sermons, and performed I know not how many miracles. At one time he lived upon them. If he had nothing in his kitchen, he would walk out, and find a hare caught in a trap; if he passed over a bridge where there was toll to be paid, money would be met with at his feet. Nevertheless, heaven, apparently tired with so many miracles, inspired him one day with a method of doing without them in future. This little Mahomet has married a woman of fortune and family, Lady Sanderson, and now drives in his carriage to the chapel where are assembled the sect he has founded.* Yet, as the business seems to answer, they say one of the Huntingdonians has already tried to make a schism, and to become also a reformer. I do not know if this one has found any hares, but he has most probably found simpletons, and consequently zealous partisans.

From religion I pass to a no less serious subject, that of Education. How can we believe that among a people so proud, the shameful punishment of rods, and the painful one of ferulas, should be yet the two hinges of public instruction! At least so our author asserts, and quotes, to support his assertion, an article of the account sent in each year by most masters. So much for rods. Can it be true that for the young people of England the Habeas Corpus should be thus suspended, by a permanent exception?

One of the most curious chapters is certainly that which describes the ceremonial observed at the Court of England on Holy Thursday, and the contrast it offers with that in use at our own. Christian humility could not make British pride stoop to washing the feet. Excepting that, the poor admitted to this pious ceremony have reason to rejoice, since they have not only a good meal and money, but also a complete suit. What is also singular, is that the number of the poor people, and that of pieces of money they receive, is according to the number of years the sovereign has past. Thus ill luck befalls the poor in a minority, but with a centenary king their fortune is made.

The officers of the English Custom-house have also their originality. While the goats of Thibet are arriving in France, offering to our ladies indigenous Cachemires in perspective, an Englishman named Bullock had formed the design of naturalizing in England the rein-deer, the animal so useful to the people of the North. Indeed he brought a dozen from Norway, but when he wished to disembark them at Gravesend, the custom-house officer opposed it. These animals were, according to him, subject to a duty; and not finding the word *rein-deer* on his tariff, he was necessitated to refer to the higher Board, and waited for a reply from London. In vain the proprietor of the herd offered to consign a sum double to the most heavy duty that had ever been imposed on any kind of beast; the financial conscience of the officer rejected this proposition, and of the twelve rein-deer,

* Mr. Huntington died in 1813, and Lady Sanderson, we believe, did not survive him more than three or four years.—Ed.

† Another blunder! It was the moss to which the officer objected, as perhaps a drug. But should not this series of misrepresentations teach us how problematical all foreign travels are?—Ed.

already sick with the voyage, eight fell victims to this aggravating quarantine. But as there is one female in those that have survived, the race may yet be propagated.

We stated a few days ago the amount of the population of London in 1821. The work now before me gives a similar statement for the year 1820. I there observe that the population has increased during this period 3,810 persons more than Paris, and an inferior number of births and deaths. Advice to our husbands and lovers. As the English statistical table makes no distinction between legitimate and natural children, I can draw no parallel between the moral balance of these two great cities.

They laugh sometimes in our Chamber of Deputies, the grave *Moniteur* even confesses it. As to the Chamber of Peers, I cannot allow myself to believe it, the verbal process never speaks of it. If they do not laugh in the English Parliament, it is not for want of occasion. The precipitation with which bills are passed at the end of the session, almost without being heard, often causes, says our author, some laughable mistakes. They passed one day a bill, which sentenced the culprit to six months imprisonment; the following words were the next phrase, "of which the half shall belong to the King." It is probable his Majesty would not this time think proper to accord his sanction.

Just a few more words on a chapter which comes at this moment quite *apropos*. It treats of the exhibition of pictures: "Numbers of middling works; some pictures of that kind deserving praise; the historical subjects are still less numerous than they have been in the preceding years." Is it really a page of *London* in 1821 I have been reading? I must look at the title-page to convince myself.

WADDINGTON'S TRAVELS IN ETHIOPIA. (Conclusion.)

How much we have relished this agreeable publication may be guessed from the length of our review; but good as well as bad things must have an end, and we are at the close of our Chapter on Ethiopia, with the intention of condensing as much as we can the intelligence afforded us respecting the chief antiquities, the geography, and the natural history of the Nile above the second cataract. The first remarkable remains were found in the Isle of Argo, belonging to Dôngola; which to inspect, Mr. Waddington was, after landing, mounted upon an old camel "for some reason best known to its proprietor buttered from head to foot." The island is about 35 miles long and 15 miles broad. Two colossal statues of grey granite are particularly described, and the author says,

--- They are both very well executed, and are inferior, if their perfection be considered, to no granite colossus existing; though the faces are not so fine as the Memnon, and, of course, not at all comparable in expression to those at Ebsâmbal, as is natural, from the superior difficulty of working the material. A little to the west is a headless female statue, covered by earth up to the knees; and still further on is a fine block of grey granite, cut into four hippopotami, standing up, side by side. The small statue only is of black granite; the others really look as white and clear, and as free from the

injuries of time, as if they were now fresh from the hand of the sculptor. --- There is much pottery and broken sandstone lying about, but no visible remains of any building whatever. Never was there so inviting a place for an excavator; the soil is soft, and as the ground is but little elevated, the labour would be small, and the rewards easily obtained and highly valuable.

The following curious circumstance is related on the return of the travellers to this spot in descending the river:—

--- We found the statues as we had left them: we had written our names in ink on one of them, and the writing, which, from the author and the character being alike unknown, had caused a great sensation, was left untouched, except the *u* and the *o*'s, which the natives had carefully erased; though we could never learn the reason of their particular antipathy to those two letters.

In excavating, the head of the black granite statue was found, and the foundations of a large temple facing nearly the east:—

The two colossi have stood at the entrance of the first chamber of the temple, and, from the direction in which they now lie, probably facing each other. The site of this temple, of which the limits are very distinctly marked by the elevation of the ground, is two hundred and fifty-five feet by one hundred and seventy-one. ---

About fifty yards SW. of this temple there appears to have been a smaller one, and to the SE. is a very large extent of ruin, covered with burnt brick and pottery. I picked up a small bit of the latter, painted. The whole field presents the most utter ruin conceivable, making the perfection of the granite remains only the more wonderful.

At *Soleh*, lower down, between Argo and the second cataract, a temple in a state of ruin faces the Nile. Fragments of sphynxes, ram's heads, &c. are scattered about. The first chamber is 102 feet 6 inches in breadth, and 88 feet 8 inches in depth;

--- round three sides of it runs a single row of pillars, and on the fourth and farthest has been a double row, making on the whole thirty columns, of which seven are still standing and perfect; there is nothing original in their shape or execution, and they are all from the same model; the diameter of their base is five feet seven inches, and their height about forty feet; they are inscribed with hieroglyphics only: the space between them and the wall of the temple has been covered by a roof, which is now fallen in.

The second chamber is less—

--- On the posterior wall, and near the entrance into the adytum, lies a sculptured stone, about ten feet long; a hawk, an owl, and an ox, with other hieroglyphical figures, are represented on it, of unusual size, but in low relief.

The adytum itself is a remarkable ruin with (originally) twelve columns, the lower parts of which

--- bear representations of figures about three feet high, of which the lower half is concealed by a tablet inscribed with hieroglyphics. --- They are in low relief, but executed in the very best style, as are all the sculptures remaining on the temple, though in some places they have never been finished. Jupiter Ammon (continues the author,) appears twice among the few remaining figures,

and to him I suppose the building to have been dedicated: part of a Mendes, with the flail and lotus, is distinguishable on a fragment.

On the western side of pillar *d* we observed some marks, evidently artificial, in a character unknown to us, though most resembling Greek. I copied them twice, in two situations of the sun, and, as I believe, with the greatest accuracy. I have shewn them to three or four men of learning, who have not recognized them; however, I feel it my duty to make them public, in the hope that they may at length meet some eye, to which they are not strange. It is the only ancient inscription in any language that we have been fortunate enough to observe during our expedition; though we have neglected the examination of no spot, where such a discovery might probably have been made.

The temple of Soleh affords the lightest specimen I have seen of Ethiopian or Egyptian architecture. The sandstone of which most of the columns are composed is beautifully streaked with red, which gives them, from a little distance, a rich and glowing tint.

Eleven beautiful and lofty columns still rear themselves to adorn this spot, and must produce a grand effect, backed by the mountains of the desert or the clear blue sky.

The other principal ruins were those visited at the extent of the journey upwards, viz. those of Djebel el Berkel and el Bellâl, near the Pasha's Camp at Merawe, and consisting of pyramids and temples. A little granite statue was brought away, on which the author observes—

--- It will be curious, as a specimen of Ethiopian sculpture, which, whether it be or no the origin of that of Egypt, seems, at least, to have been not at all inferior to it. A small scarabee, exactly resembling those commonly found in Egypt, is the only piece of antiquity that we were able to carry away.

--- We learnt, however, from a variety of quarters, that there were three or four small, but perfect granite statues, which had stood from time immemorial before the excavated temple of El Berkel, but which the Sheggy'a carried away with them in their flight. Thus have the marvellous works of paganism been consecrated by the ignorance of the Faithful, and what were only the admiration of the inhabitants of Napata, have become the palladia of their posterity.

There are four corinthian pillars with the cross on the capital, by the river near Merawe, and these are the highest remnants of Christianity yet discovered on the banks of the Nile. Long and interesting details are given of the remains at El Berkel, which are very extensive. Jupiter Ammon appears to have been the great divinity to whom temples were dedicated. In one there is a remarkable deviation from the Egyptian (whether in temple or in papyrus,) thus mentioned:

--- We distinguished the figure of the ram sitting on an altar-piece; and on the front of the portail, on the right side, is a thirteen-headed Briarens, under the hand of the victor; they are in the presence of a young divinity with a thin beard, and not of the hawk-headed Osiris, as is usual in Egypt. The weapon in the hand of the god is of the same form with that which he is represented as extending in Egyptian and Nubian sculp-

tures, with this difference, that it has here the ram's head with the ball on it, at the end.

Monstrous figures of Bacchus were also traced. The pyramids are seventeen in number, and all much inferior in size to the celebrated works of Egypt, the base of the largest being 81 feet square. It is singular that some have porticos or small arched chambers attached to them; in which hieroglyphicks and processional figures are sculptured or painted. The pyramids at El Bellâ, apparently of greater antiquity, are 6 or 7 miles higher up the river, and nearly forty were counted in different stages of decay. The base of that of most importance in size and interest is 152 feet square, and its height 133 feet 7 inches—

— It has (says Mr. H.) been built in stories, but is most curious from its containing within itself another pyramid of a different age, stone, and architecture. This interior building, which the other has enclosed like a case, seems to form about two-thirds of the whole structure; it is of neat workmanship, and is composed of a hard light-coloured sandstone, more durable than that which, after sheltering it for ages, has at last decayed and fallen off, and left it once more exposed to the eyes of men. May it have happened, that some king of Ethiopia, jealous of the glory of one of his predecessors, and wishing to conceal what he was unable to surpass, has enveloped with his own monument the monument of his rival, in his thirst for the exclusive possession of that immortality, which was to be the destiny of neither?

The hypothesis seems absurd; but the fact is very curious:—

The pyramids of El Bellâ, like those of El Berkel, Saccâra, and Djiza, are situated on a rocky place surrounded by sand, and on the edge of the Desert; a spot selected for the dead by the veneration of their survivors, that they might dwell apart in sanctity and in solitude. This is only one out of many instances of coincidence in customs, genius, and religion, between the ancient Ethiopians and Egyptians. The government of Meroë was a more complete and a more durable hierarchy than that of Memphis: a college of priests elected their sovereign, and, when they thought that he had reigned long enough, sent a messenger to command him to die; and it was not till the age of the second Ptolemy, that a king named Ergamenes, who had studied philosophy in Greece, had the courage to simplify the government by a massacre of the priests. Hieroglyphical symbols were common to both nations; the nature of their worship was the same, and the same the divinities to whom it was directed, the principal difference being this—that while Osiris held the highest rank among the gods of Egypt, the vows of the devout Ethiopians were addressed to Jupiter Ammon.

Connected with the antiquities of the country, we may refer to the geographical information; which is however principally hearsay, and not very much to be depended on. A black, who had spent all his life in Dar Sheggy'a, states that

The kingdom of Malek Zobeyr extends from Djebel Dager to Zoom, and contains Wady Baheet, Machloor, Hannneh (the capital), Magash (the name of the wady and town), and Zoom. Then comes the district of Mek Medineh, which contains

Choorro, Dette, where the large castle is, and Kadjeba, the capital. The next place is Toraf, the first town of Malek Chowes, King of Mérawe, which extends as far as Kasinger the other way; the chief towns in it are Toraf, Wallad Grait, Dabazeit, Merawe, Wallad Ali, Assoon, Shibbah (the residence of the magicians,) Berkel, Kereen (where was our encampment,) Gerfel Hamdow, and Kasinger. After this comes the kingdom of Malek Hamet Wallad Asla, called, like its capital, Amri; it is a rocky district, and extends three days to the frontiers of Berber. Its chief towns are Zowera, Amri, and Doum el Goozar. There is a cataract near Zowera, and above the cataract is the little island of Doulgâ, "where the buildings (as a Sheggy'a told me) reach to heaven." We were afterwards informed that it is quite surrounded by these buildings, and itself perforated like the Grotto of Pausilipo at Naples. From all accounts, I should suspect that these buildings are rather fortifications than temples, and that this is the island where the king of Dôngola, Samamoum, took refuge, in 688 A.H., against the troops of the Sultan of Egypt, whose five hundred boats were prevented from pursuing him by the rocks, the first that exist above Dôngola. Now fifteen days, the distance of those rocks from the city, is not, as we discovered by sad experience, too long an allowance of time for a Turkish fleet to perform even so short a voyage. This country appears, then, at that time, to have formed part of the territory of the Noubâ king, because, when obliged to fly three days farther, he is *then* said to have got beyond his own kingdom, and there too is the present extremity of Dar Sheggy'a. —

— There is a city in the Desert, called, "The Garden of Gazelles," just so distant from Merawe, that "if a man drink before he leave the Nile, he arrives there when he wants to drink again." He confirmed our previous information of a chain of mountains beginning just below Korti, through which there is a pass of three days towards Shendy, (which place he pointed to as S.S.E. from here); at the end of this chain are some small excavated temples, or grottoes, with figures and pillars; from this place there are two days more to Shendy. The mountains are inhabited by the Hassanaye Arabs, who are not under the Sheggy'a, and even made an attempt lately to get possession of the left bank of the Nile, and some of the islands. Malek Chowes repulsed them, but could not pursue them into their country; they are said to be rich in flocks, camels, and horses. The place of the antiquities is called, by distinction, El Djebel, or Djebail.

At Dôngola, an intelligent native declares, that

— Five days east of this place, there is a large river flowing from north to south, and meeting the Nile above Sennaar, called also Nil. It rises far north of Sonâkin, has its inundations in the Chamseen mouths, and is inhabited by a tribe of Arabs, who, though bearing in common with those who live above Dôngola, the name of Sheggy'a, are often at war with them, and have even sent some chiefs to assist the Pasha in this expedition. Its banks are cultivated by sakies, and grow wheat, barley, dhourra, and tobacco. He had seen this river, and spoke of it as different from the Atbara, with whose history he was also acquainted. —

The department of natural history is very

scanty, and we shall dispatch all Mr. Waddington's intelligence in the shape of a few notes.

At Dôngola, they saw a bird perfectly black, of the size and shape of a sparrow; and also some very large ring-doves. Immense crocodiles, 50 or 60 feet in length are mentioned!! When killed, groans and angry cries are uttered by these animals against their assailants*. On one occasion it is stated,

— An animal about two feet long, with a head like that of a fox, and the motions of a cat, started up before us, and all the horsemen and dogs were instantly after it: we ran it about half a mile, when the first spearman threw and missed it; the second, who was on foot, killed it at about ten yards' distance.

We are sorry that Mr. H. is not more definite in his descriptions of unknown animals. Each of our countrymen brought a Dôngola horse to England, bought with great ceremony; and after much negotiation.

— This breed has been particularly mentioned by Bruce, Poncet, and Burckhardt, and is much the best that exists on the banks of the Nile. They are not so large as English horses, but finely made, muscular, swift, and capable of enduring great fatigue. They have generally a white face, and four white legs; but the best breed is distinguished by having only three. They are not confined entirely to Dôngola, but are found in the same perfection in Dar Sheggy'a on the one side, and a part of Dar Mahass on the other. We found them as low down as Tinareh. They are occasionally broken before they are two years old, because, as the natives assured us, it would be impossible to break them thoroughly afterwards.

In his general style, our author is pleasing, though not always correct. He has somewhat of Colledge facetiousness, especially in his accounts of battles or alarms; but altogether he has produced a very delightful volume, and given much valuable information. A map of the Nile adds to its value; and if our thanks be worth its acceptance, we offer them most heartily.

* The hippopotamus, during the night, utters a harsh and heavy sound like the creaking or groaning of a large wooden door; it is made when he raises his huge head out of the water, and when he retires into it again; he sleeps on shore, eats greens, but not flesh, and passes his days under water.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DANCING.

Sir Toby. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace.—*Twelfth Night*.

A multitude of very wise people have declared, that the 19th century has made a decided retrograde: quite as large a multitude have affirmed that it has made no such thing. To prove this they have produced some very weighty arguments; but as far as I know, they have always omitted one, *viz.* the attention we pay in this age to Dancing. Like many other words which have an inti-

mate relation to us, the derivation of *Dance* can be very easily traced. Our word comes, with all that relates to it, from the French *dance*, that as certainly from *tanze*, German, that again from the Arabic *tanza*, that from *ṭanzā*; the root of the whole being no doubt the Hebrew *ṭan*.

Aware that the necessary abstruseness and flatness of my subject may betray me into perplexity, I shall endeavour, for the sake of a *lucidus ordo*, to arrange my remarks under different heads. And 1st, let me say that there is no art so ANCIENT as dancing. I think it will be allowed by every thinking mind, that man was created with legs. What then can be more natural than to suppose that he put these legs to some use? I may be bold in the assertion, but I must be allowed to say that it is my unalterable opinion, that the first *pas seul* was danced by Adam in Paradise. Almost all the old Hebrew worthies shone in the dance; Moses was a renowned *figurante*, and David is almost as well known for his dancing as for his playing. We have often heard of a young lady's dancing a man's heart away—a Hebrew damsel danced a man's head off his shoulders. But let not my reader think that the Jews were the only cultivators of this science. The Egyptians have been long celebrated for their progress, nor did Cadmus fail to teach it to Greece, when he taught her every thing else. The Pyrrhic dance, with all its varieties, (the *κομος* and the *πυρρικός*) has been long in the mouths of the learned. Theseus and Numa both invented dances, and led off the first couple themselves. When Rome was mistress of the world, when her civilization flourished most, then dancing shone brightest. Pylades and Bathyllus (the Albert and Paul of their day) drew the world after them. Rome fell, and lamed the dancers with the falling rubbish. The barbarian Tiberius banished dancing from Rome: no wonder that after ages have looked upon him as a monster. When Domitian grew wicked, dancers fell into disrepute with him. When the lamp of civilization was supplied with new oil by the Italians in the 15th century, then and there did the dance elate the legs of its votaries. Ballets d'action were revived at the marriage of Galeas Duke of Milan, and Isabella of Arragon. In 1519, however, a very splendid ball was given by Guy Conte de Forez. But, 2d, let me hasten to prove that Dancing is wise:—

1. Dancing is exercise.

2. Exercise is serviceable to life.

Ergo, Dancing is serviceable to life.

1. Dancing is serviceable to life.

2. Whatever is serviceable to life, is wise.

Ergo, Dancing is wise.

By these two simple syllogisms, I have no doubt set the matter at rest with every thinking mind; but I will even go farther. Pallas, the goddess of Wisdom, is said to have invented the Dance; but as this rests upon rather slender testimony, and as I myself think, with Diodorus Siculus, that a king of Phrygia had this honour, I shall not press it; but it is a well-known fact that the Goddess danced a hornpipe after the defeat of the Titans. Socrates

learnt to dance of Aspasia. Homer makes all his heroes good dancers; so does Hesiod. Solomon (than whom no one was more capable of judging) has expressly assigned a time to mourn and a time to dance. Plato has not disdained to write about it, and divides it into three heads; and a learned Professor of philosophy at Dantzic has given to the world a dissertation on it as late as 1782. The President Montesquieu, and Helvetius, both knew what the *esprit* of the dance was. Professor Porson was a great dancer in his earlier days. It is also curious that the most rational animals, the dog and the elephant,* both dance. But to sum up all in a word, that learned body, the Lawyers, have always been noted for their antique masques and revelries. At certain times in the year, the learned Judges, Sergeants, and Apprentices de la Ley, wigged and gowned, all hand in hand (a *grand rond*) move majestically round a fire in their respective Halls.† The world applauded, and majesty joined in the shout. By this we may infer that Lords Hale, Coke, Fortescue, &c. and even our old friends Bracton and Glanville, were all "*Dieux de la danse*."

There are two snarlers at this divine art, (I do not mention St. Jerome or St. Augustine, or the Albigenes and the Waldenses, at present) the one Cicero, who in his oration for Gabinius, dared to call a man a fool if he danced; the other, Lord Byron, who has frequently railed against dancing. When Cicero pronounced that oration, his "dancing-days" were over; we may fairly presume, therefore, that he reviled it, knowing he could no longer shine in it. As for the noble Lord, we all know that he cannot dance even the Scotch step.

I could now expatiate on various other heads—the Use of Dancing: The Cretans used to dance to the battle; so does our 49d. Its pleasure—"Ich war kein Mensch mehr. Das lebenswürdigste Geschöpf in den Armen zu haben, und mit ihr herum zu fliegen wie Wetter, dass alles rings umher verging."—Its grace, "As those move easiest who have learnt to dance."—Its fluctuations, "Jigs grew to reels, and reels to cotillions." I could view it in a thousand lights, and it would be strengthened at each reflection;—but I abstain. I have attacked the most difficult points, and, I trust, with success.

We would hint, that Dancing now-a-days is of great importance. A good *pastorale* has often procured an *acred* wife; the *bal-lancez* has influenced the *scale* of many fortunes; the *demi queue de chat* has often entailed an estate; and the *chaine Anglaise* has been exchanged for the *chaine du d'ame*, and that not unfrequently for the *fetters* of Hymen. Therefore, *Saltare si recte nescis*, &c. I cannot better conclude than by quoting Tully's eulogium of a different thing, turning the words of the scorners against himself:—"Hæc studia (to wit waltzing and quadrilling) adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res

* See Pliny, l. viii. cap. 2.

† See Lord Clarendon, Dugdale, Sir Benjamin Whitlock, &c. &c.

‡ Götze.

ornant, adversis solatium et periculum præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris; Pernocant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."

L. LYNX.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, ETC.

ON Wednesday, the annual distribution of the Medals and Premiums of this Society was exhibited at Drury-lane Theatre, the judgment-seat being reversed:—as, instead of pit, boxes, and gallery, having to decide on the merits of the Stage, it was upon the Stage that the merits of others were determined. The anomalies of the scene were a little whimsical, and though there was good reason for desiring a place as capacious as this Theatre for the demands of the day, we could not help being amused with the associations of the play-house and the present purpose, which not even the interest of the proceedings could dissociate. Through the favour of the Managers we were on the stage, and sustained (we hope very creditably) one of the Mute parts. Behind the platform on which we sat, there was a neat back scene of cottage architecture, which made the most timid debutants of our class at home, and evinced the judiciousness of the management. In front of us the main action was sustained. A great chair was placed behind a little table in the centre, for the President, the Duke of Sussex; on the floor (i.e. on seats on the floor) sat the male and female dignitaries who were to witness the ceremonies: on one side, the female candidates on raised steps, and on the other side the successful male aspirants for the honours of the Society. By noon the house was filled throughout—the *coup d'ail* was charming—and the principal character alone was wanting to realize the auspicious bodings of the assemblage. But time flew, though His Royal Highness did not; and an anxious prologue was performed—all about the Wings. Gentlemen with long white wands and red ribbon-nose-gays ran about in a sort of dismay. Some said (apart), "He won't come;" while others said, "He will, and is only late." At one period all the white-wands suddenly rushed off the stage, and a cry ensued, "He's coming; He's come;" but they returned again with blank faces, and some laughter ensued at the hackney coach, or hackney joke, which had imitated so well the approach of a royal equipage. It seemed now to be all the world to nothing, the farce of "Duke or no Duke;" when, just as another Chairman was being fagged, the real Duke made his appearance. Instead of the prompter's bell, or any whistle, his entré was announced by beating the white staves upon the ground; and he was received with great applause. Never having seen His Royal Highness on the dramatic stage before, we were delighted with the ease and nature of his début. He walked upon the boards with a round-headed cane, (rather appropriate to old men's characters,) and seemed in a minute, as the French say, *chez soi* in the great Chair.

Mr. Aikin, the Secretary, (whose name

we would not mention were it possible to fancy that our sportive vein could towards him be construed into ridicule)—Mr. Aikin now advanced to the lamps, which were not lighted, and enlightened his hearers with an able exposition of the Society's affairs. As he avoided the fault of most actors, and did, what in them would be wrong though in him it was right, address the audience, we, upon the stage, could not so distinctly follow his track as to venture a description of it: but ever and anon we heard plain and vigorous views elucidated in a manner which did honour to the literary reputation of even this respected individual. When finished, the delivery of the Medals, &c. commenced, and a representative of Messrs. Cowley and Staines, of Winslow, Bucks, received a large Gold Medal, and a Gold Ceres Medal, (in the class of Agriculture,) for drawing Turnips in November, and preserving them in a sound state to April, and for the cultivation of White Poppy, whence they extracted 60lbs. of opium equal to Turkey opium. Both these are deserving of distinction, especially if the first can be accomplished on a large scale. A Mr. Peart was next presented, for redeeming fifty-six acres of waste Moor-land, and we heard the President telling him something about king Canute and the sea, whence we inferred that he had conquered this domain from old Neptune. A Hay-borer got the only other Medal in this class;—it looked to be of a spiral form, and, as far as we could gather, the effect was to prevent combustion.

In Polite Arts, sixty-nine Medals were given: many, we dare say, to works of the highest promise; some (as the specimens were hung round the dress circle) evidently to mere school pieces. It was nevertheless pleasant to see the youthful candidates approach the august Chair, and receive these dear rewards of merit, these stimulants to future exertion. His Royal Highness said very little, and in this respect the business went off flatly; but we occasionally heard a boy artist told of Sir T. Laurence's having obtained his first medal from the Society of Arts, and similar remarks to encourage ambition. This had such an effect, that one or two young ladies took hysterics more naturally than ever Miss O'Neil did; and several very pathetic little bye acts were performed in a style not disgraceful to the actors, whether tragedians, or assistants in the ways of cold water, sal volatile or hartshorn. The Chairman, the foreign Ministers, (of Spain and Portugal) the lady visitors, and even the greatest philosophers and mechanics of the age, withstood the contagion to admiration; and it was astonishing to see how naturally, the source of sympathy being removed, the ordinary business of the company went on. Other candidates advanced and were rewarded; other young ladies palpitated and curtsied; and the only bad consequence we noticed from the momentary trepidation was, that the pretty pelisse of a lady sitting on the corner of approach to the President was trod upon (to her increased discomfiture) by three in four, instead of, as before, one in four of the candidates.

In Manufactures, the most obviously important improvement rewarded was an improvement in the Silk Ribbon Loom, by Mr. J. Thomson, jun. of Coventry. A Silver Medal and Twenty Guineas were announced to Mrs. Wells, of Connecticut, America, for a new material for Plat, in imitation of Leghorn. Of this friendly intercourse we most cordially approve; but we should be glad to know whether the Material is not purely American? We know that the American journals made much noise about this article, and even that party spirit ran high about the purchase of the first bonnet at so many hundred dollars, to be presented to Mrs. Clinton.

In Chemistry, only two Medals were bestowed; but the second is, if well founded, for a truly beneficial improvement. We copy the catalogue:—

1. To Mr. H. W. Reveley, 33, King-Street, W. Bryanstone Square, for his communication respecting the nature and preparation of the Stones used in Tuscany for grinding fine flour, the large Silver Medal.

2. To J. Meigh, Esq. Shelton, Staffordshire, for the discovery of a Glaze for vessels of common red earthenware, not prejudicial to the health of those who make use of them, the large Gold Medal.

The remainder of the proceedings we have it not in our power to report, and the remaining classes, of Mechanics, and Colonies and Trade, must remain for the Society's Transactions. Situated even favourably as we were, it was with difficulty we could pick up bits of the general business; and from what we have seen in the daily papers, we imagine that no facilities for being accurately informed were accorded to such of these powerful engines as lend their impetus to such escapements. This is not judicious: the French Savans know better how to arrange these things,—how to make echoes, more powerful than the original sound, spread their doings over the world. And we take this opportunity of throwing out the hint, because we were politely provided, and still found it impossible to do justice to any striking inventions—if any were distinguished on this occasion. Of none we know, and not being of mechanical genius, none we can suggest—except the Society can transfer to Mr. Elliston a patent for filling his Theatre with so much beauty, sense, and talent, as were congregated at this Distribution.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 267. The Recruiting Party. E. F. Ripplingille.—It is difficult to manage a crowd, even on canvas; and it has in the present instance divided the attention, and separated the interest from parts and characters much more worthy of notice than what are made the principal group. The part to the right of the spectator, is far more valuable than all the rest. The silent grief of the mother, the reproof of the father, and the half-awakened sense (between obstinacy and stupidity) of the enlisted son, are powerfully portrayed. Never was an episode more complete in all its parts, from

the flourish of its commencement, the pathos in what we have just described, to its sad catastrophe in an old soldier begging alms. We should recommend Mr. Ripplingille to be less lavish of his means; there is enough of incident and character in this performance to furnish three very fair pictures; and with more of arrangement in his composition, and an eye to that essential quality, effect, this artist may claim a rank in Art equal to any in the walk he has so happily chosen.

No. 89. Woodcutters, Buckland on the Moor, Devon. W. Collins, R. A.—Equally familiar with the effect of early dawn, the open day, or the half-shed light in the woodland scene, Mr. Collins gives to our view his pictures of nature, with truth and simplicity. That of No. 208. Bayham Abbey, &c. is a proof of this artist's powers: there is nothing in the nature of the view to attract us to the charms of this composition—it is the daylight and truth which give its striking character, and may satisfy the young practitioner by what simple means such effects can be produced, if the eye is unsophisticated by the colouring of experimentalists, or the obtrusive violence of Exhibition pictures. The figures introduced by Mr. Collins are no less characterized by their appropriateness, than by the care with which they are drawn and finished. In them we see how judiciously colour is made to give value to the more neutralized hues of his landscapes.

No. 155. The Convalescent. W. Mulready, R. A.—This is not, as we said in our general *coup d'œil*, equal in some respects to this artist's former productions, for we think of his School Boys, exhibited a few years back, as highly as of any thing that has graced the walls of the Academy.—But we are nevertheless in this picture presented with characters that come home to the best feelings of the heart, and with sentiments which it is the credit of art to inspire. There is, besides, in the aerial perspective, a skill that few have surpassed. The group is altogether affecting, and the more it is looked at and thought on, the more its interest and pathos will rise: the little episode of the boys' wrestling contrasts well with the quiet of the story, and is quite in character. What we principally object to, besides a feebleness, is the child in the mother's lap; it is too concealed, and indeed is difficult to make out at all.

No. 128. The Caledonian Hunt. W. Hilton, R. A.—In respect to the school to which this picture belongs, that of Classic Art, our attention ought sooner to have been paid. Mr. Hilton has displayed his usual skill, but it requires no small portion of talent to give interest to subjects of this nature. Still it is a ground on which our claims to distinction in the class of historical painting must in some measure rest. But the artist who volunteers his time on such subjects, must not expect his works to be received by the amateurs of the present day; (there are, however, some exceptions,) but for pictures of this class there must be a National Depot, a Gallery, as in France, ere a British School of Painting can pro-

perly be said to exist.—There is great animation in the *Ca'edonian Hunt*, and it is for the most part finely executed. The Boar is admirable, the attitude of the principal figure full of spirit, and the action is powerfully given—but the drawing appears defective. The head is evidently too small.

No. 161. *A Scene from Moliere, &c. A. E. Chalon, R.A.*—We have been familiarized of late to the preposterous costume of Louis the xviii, and to those, the days of the Spectator and Pope, and we must confess the powers of the artists and the powers of the picturesque that can reconcile the eye to the extravagant and shapeless forms under which the human figure is hid. Yet so it is, the pencil of Stothard has reconciled us to the hoop of Belinda; and Leslie, Newton, and Chalon, to rustling silks of other times.

Upon the exquisites of Moliere the artist has bestowed an exquisite pencil, and given the very stamp and texture of the stiffened lustring. His characters are always suited to his scene, and his expression to the occasion; and what would be burlesque in the sober gravity of our emotions, is only vivacity in the motions of a foreigner. The excess of gallantry in the ridiculous compliment is accompanied by an equal excess in the expression of the man, and is as overloaded as his dress, though quite in unison with the intentions of the author.

No. 101. *A Study of two old Men, (still living) who fought at the Battle of Minden. T. S. Good.*—We do not recollect to have met with the works of this artist before; but certain it is we shall not forget him in future, and hope to find him another time with all the advantages of frame and situation. We never saw nature more perfectly delineated, nor penciling more decided and firm, with an effect of light upon the figures that almost amounts to a deception. We should recommend Mr. Good to study the compositions of the Flemish School, and occasionally sacrifice something to effect. In his Northumbrian Piper, No. 234, there is too much brought forward, but the eye that has attained so much, it may be imagined will readily acquire that judgment in composition and clara obscura, without which no performance will ever rank high as a work of art.

No. 244. *Cupid. H. W. Pickersgill.*—We consider Mr. Pickersgill as standing eminently high as a Portrait painter, uniting in his works the technical qualities of Art, entirely free from manner; and if he does not possess all the graces of composition, he never descends to vulgarity or common life.

In the excessive flight of fancy now before us, he has produced an enchanting specimen of what may be done with the prismatic colours of the radiant bow, and, like those colours, all is blended into harmony, and are not left to glare upon the sight in single and dazzling locality. The conception of the subject is beautiful, and the execution masterly. It appears, however, to have too much weight and size to give the visionary form of the poet.

CANOVA'S LATEST WORK.

*From the Italian of Count Cicognara.**

Rome, March 6, 1822.

CANOVA's group of Mars and Venus, executed for His Majesty the King of England, which the artist has just completed, has been exhibited for these few days past in his rooms. The work was already known by the model, and a drawing after it had been engraved; but now we are made sensible of the immense difference between the first sketch and the most delicately and carefully executed marble. It seems as if the artist had chosen this group at once to shew his skill in the severe and in the agreeable style; uniting both figures by an expressive and decent entwining of the arms, he has shewn what he can perform in both.

The figure of Mars possesses so much nobleness and purity of form, that it may serve as a model of this class, which is the mean between the Apollo and the Hercules: the light and elegant limbs are finely proportioned, and yet muscular energy is so well expressed, that we readily acknowledge in them the motion and strength of the God of War. The accurate leaning on the left thigh, and the happily expressed motion and wavy contours of the hips, which add so much grace to personal majesty, are particularly worthy of notice. The extremities are in every respect admirable; and the head, gently inclined towards the goddess, indicates, in the calm features of the face, the power of beauty even over gods. It would have been vulgar and mean to think of expressing martial ardour on the brow of the God of War, who is engaged in soft converse with Venus. The character of each figure is sufficiently developed in the form and admirable proportions. If the nod of Jupiter made all Olympus tremble, so, when Mars frowns, the earth must be covered with slaughter and blood: but here we are led to quite contrary ideas, and thus the judicious artist has made it his object to indicate loquaciousness of character in the midst of repose. Venus turns towards the God, and from her love-breathing features and inclined attitude, we easily perceive that she causes him to forget all thoughts of war. On whatever side the group is surveyed, the two figures display the happiest combinations and contrasts, so that those rigorous demands of art are also fully satisfied.

If the beauty of the proportions, the nobleness of the expression, and the excellence of the composition, make this group one of the most distinguished works of the artist, and one of the grandest productions of modern art; it is likewise a model of the finest taste, from the wonderful perfection of the execution. We observe especially the extreme accuracy of the extremities, and such novelty in the choice of their forms, that they afford a fresh proof that the artist has not exhausted the copious source of his ideas in the great number of his former works.

* Author of the splendid work on the History of Italian Architecture, which was reviewed in some early Numbers of the *Lit. Gaz.*

The handling of the chisel has been so judiciously varied, that it might be said the marble had acquired different degrees of hardness and softness by the different treatment of its surface. The tenderness (*morbidezza*) of the fleshy parts is most beautifully contrasted with the polished steel of the helmet and shield, and with the lightness of the draperies, which are so gracefully thrown, that they conceal what the art has surrendered to the claims of decorum, and also the solidity of the material. Lastly, the hair is managed with a freedom of the chisel which we should be inclined to ascribe only to a youthful hand.

LAURA'S PORTRAIT.

ITALIAN papers say that the original Portrait of Petrarch's Laura has been found. It is well known that she was painted by Simone Memmi; but the engraving, published by Raphael Morghen, is after an ideal portrait, or perhaps the portrait of another Laura, who lived about 1300. The recovered portrait is in the collection of M. Arrighi at Florence (Piazza SS Trinità, palazzi Buonelmonti,) and has been declared by Count Cicognara to be authentic, after a comparison with the original miniature in the celebrated MS. of Petrarch, preserved in the Laurentian Library at Florence. The possessor has published an Engraving of it.

Caution to Artists.—A Correspondent on whom we rely, invites us to put all our Artists on their guard against the lures at present held out to them by foreign speculators, who, apparently destitute of solid means to reward their labours, are deceiving them by magnificent promise from their native country to undertake works abroad for which they have no great chance of ever being remunerated. We are ourselves unacquainted with the circumstances, but there are, we know, many obstacles in the way of success, even were the parties more richly endowed: we cannot, therefore, help thinking the thing a mere wild-goose chase, and advising all our countrymen thus assailed with fine prospects, to look well before they leap.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

POETIC SKETCHES.

Second Series—Sketch the Fifth.

MR. MARTIN'S PICTURE OF CLYTIE.

Greece,
These are thy graceful memories, the dreams
That hallowed thy groves, and over things
Inanimate shed visionary life,
When every flower had some romantic tale (streams
Linked with its sweetness, when the winds, the
Breathed poetry and love.
It was a beautiful embodied thought,
A dream of the fine painter, one of those
That pass by moonlight o'er the soul, and sit
'Mid the dim shades of twilight, when the eyes
Grows tearful with its ecstasy. There stood
A dark haired Grecian girl, whose eyes were raised,
With that soft look love teaches, to the sky—
One hand pressed to her brow, as she would gaze
Upon the sun dazzled—'twas that nymph,
The slighted CLYTIE. May minstrel look

Upon the sweet creation, and not feel
Its influence on the heart? Now listen, love,
I'll tell thee of her history: she was
Amid those lovely ones that walk the earth
Like visions all of heaven, or but made
The more divine by earthly tenderness;
One of the maiden choir, that every morn,
From lips of dew and odours, to the sun
Hymned early welcome. 'Twas one summer eve,
And the white columns and the marble floor
In the proud temple of Day's deity
Were flooded o'er with crimson, and the air
Was rich with scents; it was CLYTIE's turn
To watch the perfumed flame; she sat and waked
Her silver lute with one of those sweet songs
Breathed by young poets when their mistress' kiss
Has been their inspiration. Suddenly
Some other music echoed her own,
Faint, but most exquisite, like those low tones
That winds of summer sigh in the sea shells;
It died in melting cadences, but still
CLYTIE bent to hear it.—Could it be [Youth
A dream, a strange wild dream? There stood a
More beautiful than summer by her side!
His bright hair floated down like Indian gold,
A light played in his curls, and his dark eyes
Flashed splendour too intense for human gaze;
A wreath of laurel was upon the lyre
His graceful hand sustained, and by his side
The sparkling arrows hung. It was the god
That guides the sun's blue race, the god of light,
Of song, who left his native heaven for one
More precious far—the heaven of woman's love. --
-- They met no more, but still that glorious shape
Haunted her visions; life to her was changed;
Gaiety, hope, and happiness, were all
Centered in one deep thought. The time had been,
When never smile was sunnier than her's,
No step more buoyant, and no song more glad:
All, all was changed; she fled to solitude,
And poured her wild complainings to the groves,
And Echo answered—Echo, that, like her,
Had pined with ill-starred love! Oh never, never
Had love a temple like a woman's heart!
She will serve so devotedly, will give
Youth, beauty, health, in sacrifice; will be
So very faithful!—without hope to cheer,
Or tenderness to soothe, her love yet will
Continue unto death. CLYTIE dwelt
On that once cherished memory; she would gaze
For hours upon the sky, and watch the sun;
And when the pale light faded from the west,
Would weep till morning. Is it not just thus
In that fine semblance, where the painter's touch
Has bodied forth her beauty and her sorrow
That she is pictured with a sad soft smile,
Turned to the azure home of her heart's god?
A fresh green landscape round, just like those groves,
The Grecian groves, where she was wont to roam.
-- Look, dear, upon that flower—'tis hallowed
By the remembrance of unhappy love,
'Tis sacred to the slighted CLYTIE;
Look, how it turns its bosom to the sun,
And when dark clouds have shadowed it, or night
Is on the sky, mark how it folds its leaves,
And droops its head, and weeps sweet tears of dew,
The constant Sun-flower. L. E. L.

TO MRS. BLUNDELL OF TARTLTON.

Written after eating one of her fish-pies, one of her
fruit-pies, and one of her fruit-pies, and dispatching
a quart or so of her ale, while waiting for a
change of horses. By a Liverpool Merchant, on his
way to Preston corn-fair, July 5, 1821.

Mrs. Blundell, my dear Mrs. Blundell, adieu!
The coachman is waiting, the horses are to,
The horn is loud sounding in blast after blast,
So to thee, Mrs. B. I drink rummer the last.

O never, till Death has close sealed up my eyes,
Shall my soul cease to dwell on thy dear little pies,
In their snowy white pattypans beautifully placed
Under cream-coloured coverings of picturesque
paste.

Thy fruit is so tempting, that one would believe
'Twas fruit such as this that beguiled mother Eve;
And thy flesh, Mrs. Blundell, thy flesh is so fair,
That I long to embrace it—I do, I declare!
Thy fish-pies, dear woman, thy fish-pies, but, oh!
Their name makes my mouth in a moment o'erflow;
No passage for utterance the fluid affords,
But my silence is much more expressive than words.
Could I very myself from his sepulchre steal,
Whose life was devote to *arts vraiment utiles*;
On tasting thy pasties of fruit, fish, and meat,
Even Paris deciding, he'd own himself beat.
Then here, in this cup of thy bright shining ale,
I drink thee, thou glory of Tartlton's sweet vale!
May thy cheek of beefsteak, and thy dumping of
breast,
And thy collar of brawn, fairly fatten in rest!
O then, Mrs. Blundell, dear creature, adieu!
The coachee is waiting, the horses are to,
The horn is loud sounding in blast after blast,
So to thee, Mrs. B. I drink rummer the last!

I. D. M.

* Inscription on the tomb of Very, the great
cook of Paris.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

EISTEDDVOD.

SUCH is the ancient British name given
to a national revival, of the intent of which
(knowing little of its details) we cannot
speak but in terms of hearty praise. Every
patriotic device calculated to strengthen the
love of country is worthy of support; and
a congress of Bards and Minstrels must not
only be of a description to excite that feel-
ing in Welsh bosoms, but also be attended
with beneficial results to the literature of
Wales, and pleasing illustrations of her
bardic poetry and music.

On the 22d of May the Anniversary of
the Eisteddvod was observed in London;
and in the Freemasons' Hall, in Queen
Street. No question but that the effect
would be incomparably finer, could the
Meeting take place in the open air, and
amid appropriate scenery of mountain, dell,
oak, and river, to nourish the imagination,
and awaken slumbering recollections. But
our modern habits and uncertain climate
prevent such a celebration; and we can
only make the best of what circumstances
permit. The *Cymmrodorion*, or Royal Can-
nibarian Institution, under whose auspices this
assembly meets, is, we understand, formed
for the promotion of the objects we have
intimated; and is supported by the counte-
nance of the King, as well as by the union
of the most distinguished characters belonging
to the Principality. On the present occasion,
the Congress was under the direction of Mr.
J. Parry, editor of the Welsh Melodies; and
Sir W. W. Wynn presided, in a curious
antique chair, on the top of which a Druid
and ancient Briton (miniatures, though not
likenesses, of the famous city giants) are
rudely sculptured in wood. The entertain-
ments consisted of an Address explanatory
of the Eisteddvod, of the award of prizes
for poems and essays, and of vocal and in-

strumental music. The whole, we believe,
concluded with a good English dinner, ac-
cording to the newest *cuisine*, in which, we
dare say, the descendants of the ancient
Britons indulged as festively as if they
had sprung from a race of yesterday.

The gentleman who spoke the Address
was, we were informed, Mr. J. H. Parry,
the Conductor of the Transactions. He took
an animated view of the nature of the In-
stitution, which had now been two years in
existence in the metropolis; and ably in-
sisted on the excellent effects it had pro-
duced, and was likely to produce on the
cultivation of Welsh literature, and in the
preservation of Welsh antiquities. He men-
tioned that an invaluable collection of Welsh
books and MSS. had already been made;
from which great accessions to the Archæ-
ology of Wales might be expected. The
speaker also alluded to the modern poems
in the Welsh language, essays, &c. which
had already been produced under the en-
couragement of the *Cymmrodorion*; but it
is to be hoped that as the Society advances
it will rather look back to preserve remains,
than forward to cultivate poetical composi-
tions;—in the one case we can discover
the advantages of their pursuit, in the other
it would be difficult to trace them.

The next proceeding was a recitation in
Welsh, which we are sorry to confess we
did not understand; but we both under-
stood and felt the beauty of the following:

THE MEETING OF THE BARDS.

Written by Mrs. Hemans, for this Congress.

Where met the Bards of old? the glorious throng,
They of the Mountain and the Battle song?
They met—Oh! not in Kingly Hall or Tower,
But where wild Nature girt herself with power!
They met where streams flash'd bright from rocky
caves; [graves;
They met, where woods made moan o'er warrior's
And where the torrent's rainbow-spray was cast,
And where dark lakes were heaving to the blast,
And 'midst th' eternal cliffs, whose strength defied
The crested Roman in his hour of pride;
And where the *Carnedd*,* on its lonely hill,
Bore silent record of the Mighty still;
And where the Druid's ancient *Cramlech*† frown'd,
And the Oaks breath'd mysterious murmurs round.
There throng'd th' Inspir'd of Yore! on plain or
height,

"In the sun's face, beneath the eye of Light,"
And, baring unto Heav'n each noble head,
Stood in the circle where none else might tread!
Well might their Lays be lofty!—soaring Thought
From Nature's presence tenfold grandeur caught!
Well might bold Freedom's soul pervade the strains
Which startled Eagles from their lone domains!
Whence came the echoes to those numbers high?
'Twas from the Battle-fields of days gone by!
And from the Tombs of Heroes laid to rest,
With their good swords, upon the mountain's breast;
And from the watch-towers on the heights of snow,
Sever'd by cloud and storm from all below;
And the turf mounds, once girt by ruddy spears,
And the rock-altars of departed years!
Thence, deeply mingling with the torrent's roar,
The winds a thousand wild responses bore,

* A heap of stones.

† The altars of the Druids.

* An expression used by the ancient Bards on
the proclamation of their *Gorseddau*, or sessions,
now denominated *Eisteddvodau*, or sittings.

And the green Land, whose every vale and glen
Doth shroud the memory of heroic men,
On all her hills awakening to rejoice,
Sent forth proud answers to her Children's voice!

For us, not ours the Festival to hold
'Midst the stone-circles, hallow'd thus of old;
Not where great Nature's majesty and might
First broke, all glorious, on our wondering sight;
Not near the tombs where sleep our Free and Brave,
Not by the mountain-Llyn, the ocean-wave,
In these late days we meet!—dark Mona's shore,
Eryri's cliffs resound with harps no more!

But, as the stream (tho' time or art may turn
The current, bursting from its cavern'd urn,
To bathe soft vales of pasture and of flowers,
From Alpine glens, and awful forest-bowers)
Alike in rushing strength or sunny sleep,
Holds on its course, to mingle with the Deep;
Thus, tho' our paths be chang'd, still warm and free,
Land of the Bard! our Spirit flies to thee!

To thee our thoughts, our hopes, our hearts belong,
Our dreams are haunted by thy voice of song!
Nor yield our souls one patriot feeling less
To the green memory of thy loveliness, [height,
Than theirs, whose harp-notes peal'd from every
"In the sun's face, beneath the eye of Light."

The reading of this poem was succeeded by a concert, in which various harps were played with much skillfulness. A piano-forte also accompanied the songs, which in some degree injured the character of the entertainment. The chief, and to us by far the most interesting portion of the performances, were what are called *Pennillion*. In these, two harpers played certain tunes, and as they went on, a succession of *Pennillion* singers rose, one after the other, and falling in at the second or third bar of the music, sang stanzas in the Welsh tongue, which had a very striking effect. The singer, it is stated, must follow the harper, who may change the tune when he pleases; and also perform variations, while the vocalist must keep time, and end precisely with the strain. Those are considered the best who can adapt stanzas of various metres to one melody, and who are acquainted with the twenty-four measures, according to the bardic laws and rules of composition. Not being a judge of this matter, we can only say that this species of ancient British harp and song seemed to us most spirit-stirring and delightful;—the system might, we think, be carried into duets, &c. and introduced, with much of novelty and popularity, upon the Stage. Some of the simple airs on the harp, and others with variations, displayed the powers of that instrument; and the concert altogether received, as it merited, the applause of a numerous audience.

The original Institution from which this variety has branched, was, if we remember rightly, formed at Caernarthen, by the excellent Bishop of St. David's; but his lordship's object was of a still higher nature, for it was to cultivate the language of the country, that its inhabitants might have, in their native tongue, the truths of the Gospel inculcated by well-instructed teachers.

§ Mountain lake. || The Snowdonian cliffs.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—On Tuesday this House was superbly filled in consequence of a visit from His Majesty, who received from the audience those repeated tributes of loyal enthusiasm which attend his appearance in places of public resort. In the Opera *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Signora Cinti made her debut as Rosina. She possesses a fine countenance and dark expressive eye, partaking somewhat of the Greek and Gipsy. In some turns it is beautiful, and in every point of view agreeable. Her person is also well suited to the comic scene, being well formed, light and graceful. With regard to the essential qualification of voice, we cannot speak so decisively. Signora Cinti's vocal powers are too limited for this immense theatre; and the sweetness, delicacy, and refined execution (delightfully ornamental, without being gaudily overcharged) of her style could not be justly appreciated amid the buzz of so numerous and not always silent assembly. We were charmed with it, but we fancy it could not be generally effective. The dance, as usual, astounded the natives with its grand displays. His Majesty looked well and well pleased.

Mr. Macready played Othello for his benefit, and were it not custom not to criticise Benefit performances, we should fill a page with praises of his noble personation of the Moor.

VARIETIES.

The character of the King in Nigel reminds us of the humorous text of a sermon preached before His Majesty, which the clergyman thus gave out, "*James First and Sixth, Nothing wavering.*"

Veil of Mary Queen of Scots.—This relic, bequeathed by Cardinal York to Sir John C. Hippisley, and now in his possession, has elicited a long description from one of the foremost of the German literati. A plate has been engraved of it.

Price of Mummy.—£435 was the price at which an Egyptian Mummy was knocked down last week at Plymouth for a refusal to pay the duties!!

A gentleman inquiring lately of a librarian at a public library, where did Horace Walpole's Memoires lie? was answered, "In every page."

Retsch, whose outlines to the Faustus of Goethe obtained so much applause, is, we learn from the letter of a learned countryman, composing outlines to Schiller.

Fresco.—The chapel of Saint Roch in the church of Saint Sulpice, has recently been adorned by three grand pictures in fresco by M. Abel de Pujol, the subjects of which are borrowed from the life of Saint Roch. The pictures are painted on the walls of the chapel, by a process which has long been familiar to foreign painters, but which French artists have hitherto believed could not be successfully employed in a cold and damp climate. M. de Pujol has endeavoured to prove that this style of painting may be employed in France with no less

advantage than in Italy, and, judging from the compositions which now embellish the chapel of Saint Roch, there appears reason to believe that time will justify his expectations.

Mr. Jeremiah Keller, an Irish lawyer, lately deceased, though professedly a protestant, was strongly suspected of being in reality a Roman Catholic. A brother barrister, Mr. N., since dead, a man of much bustle and pretension, accosted him in the courts on a Friday evening after dinner with, "Keller, my dear fellow, I fancy there is a great deal of the pope in your belly to-day," laying his hands on it at the same time. "Perhaps so," replied Keller drily, "but (placing his hand on the other's head) I know that there is a great deal of the pretender in your head every day."

Anecdote of the philosopher Kant.—A friend of Kant, who had come to Königsberg, one day asked him to dine with him, at the table d'hôte of his inn. A dish of vegetables was placed before Kant. A guest opposite him, whom he did not know, took the pepper-box, and saying, "I am extremely fond of this dish, well peppered," emptied the whole contents over it. Kant immediately took out his snuff-box and emptied it into the dish, "And I am excessively fond of it with snuff."

On the first of May a newly married couple (in the duchy of Baden) being overtaken by a thunder-storm, took shelter under a walnut-tree, when they were both struck with lightning, and killed on the spot.

Baron Albert Von Sack has published at Berlin an account of Surinam, where he resided two years, and travels in America, where he remained several months. He speaks in terms of rapture of the Dutch settlement, and the German reviewers speak in terms of praise of his book.

Chess.—Mr. Lewis, teacher of Chess, is about to publish in one small volume, with diagrams, the elements of that interesting and scientific game; on the advanced stages of which Mr. Cochrane has just published so excellent an octavo.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If received, the Editor cannot now find the *Stories after Nature*.—We have not seen the *Technical Dictionary* alluded to by our Correspondent from Newcastle.

We are unable to comply with either of W. T.'s requests.

"A Woman" is always welcome; but we have unfortunately suffered the time to elapse within which her co-operation could have been availed.

J. J. L. should proceed—greater success will follow. J. H. B. will find a letter at our Office.

We will pay more attention to our friend Salter's "Freemason" is intended for insertion.

To E. M. Bath, we have only to say, that we have never seen Hardiman's *History of Galloway*.

S. O. M. has no need of a *Friend at Court*—His production is among those not in our recollection. We have not forgotten Ossian's Poems; but the novelty at this season, many of them of more temporary interest, have deferred the review.

The *Fortunes of Nigel*, and the *gush* of other very interesting publications in our Review of this week, will, we trust, plead for us to our Mathematical, Poetical, Artist, Musical, and other friends, for the postponement of their dues.

We have received several letters, pro et con, on the subject of the proposed Monument to the late King; and we have read the pamphlet of *Stasieus*, distributed in hostility to Mr. Wyatt's design. That Pamphlet is full of mistakes, if not misrepresentations; but we will, if possible, devote a few columns to an impartial statement of the question in our next.

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THE Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open daily, from Ten in the morning until Six in the evening.

(By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.

NOW OPEN, at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, the new PICTURE of the DESTRUCTION of HERCULEANUM and POMPEII, just finished by Mr. Martin for the Duke of Buckingham, with most of the other Pictures by that Artist, including the Fall of Babylon, the Expulsion from Paradise, Sack of Macbeth, the Bard, Revenge, the Hermit, Cyllie, Original Sketches of Belshazzar's Feast, with many other of his smaller Paintings and highly finished Drawings.—Open from Ten till Five. Admission, 1s.

Closing of the Egyptian Tomb.

THE SALE and Closing of the EGYPTIAN TOMBS will take place in the approaching month of June. Catalogues, without which no Person can be admitted on the Day of Sale, to be had, twice 2s. each, at the Rooms; and of Mr. Robins, Auctioneer, 170, Regent-street.

N.B. As many applications have been made, the Amateurs are respectfully informed, that no Articles of Antiquity can be disposed of before the Day of Sale, which will take place on Saturday the 8th of June, instead of the first of June, as before mentioned.

Dedicated, by permission, to the King.

British Park Scenery.

This day is published, Part I. of a new Work, entitled, **BRITISH PARK SCENERY**. Illustrated in a Series of Engravings, executed by John Lettice, and Elizabeth Byrne, from Drawings by W. Daniell, R.A. and P. Dawkins, with appropriate Descriptions by E. W. Brayley.

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MR. GAHAGAN has the honour of announcing to the Public, that the full-sized Model of the intended Statue is (by the permission of the Committee) now open for gratuitous inspection at his Study, No. 37, King-street West, Edgware-road, between the hours of 10 and 6 daily, until further notice.—Ladies and Gentlemen are requested to leave their Cards at the door of the Exhibition Room.

European Scenery.—France.

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DODSLEY'S ANNUAL REGISTER for 1820, will be published on Saturday, June 8; and the Volume for 1821 is in great forwardness.

Early in June will be published, in 8vo. **HALIDON HILL**: a Dramatic Sketch from Scottish History.

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BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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